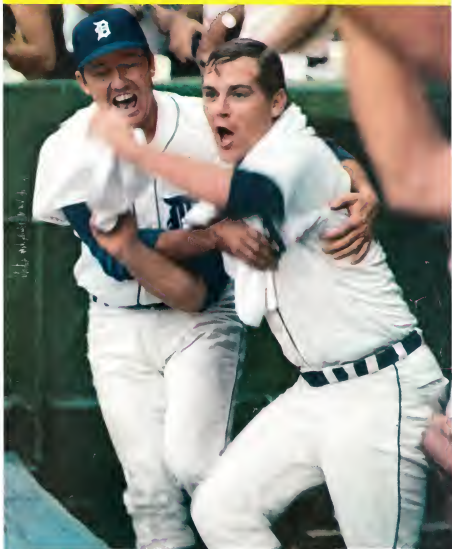


Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 23, 1968 50 CENTS

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the ice cream cone,
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You see, Usher's
Green Stripe Scotch
was light in 1853.

It's the only Scotch that was.
Try a sip of Usher's and see
how light was meant to be.



The original light Scotch

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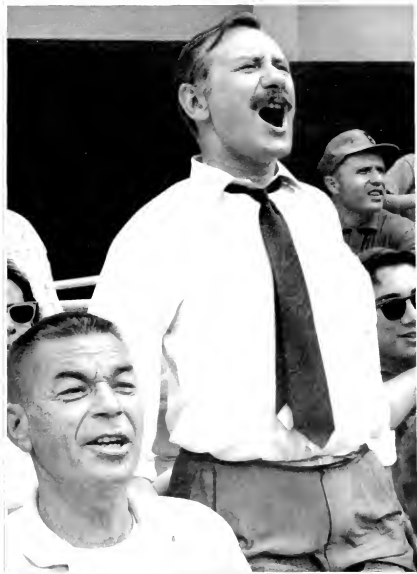
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Next week

THE PROBLEM OLYMPICS of 1968 are examined in a preview that includes color photographs of both U.S. and foreign athletes and a report on Kenya's troubled partners.

A CLASSIC SERIES is in the offing as St. Louis and Detroit prepare to meet each other. William Leggett previews the showdown that could be baseball's most exciting in years.

A NEW JOHNNY UNITAS may emerge from the group of quarterbacks who are under 30 and still learning. Tex Maule analyzes the skills and potential of these young generals.





We pay people like Jean Salvarelli of Paris to cheer their heads off at Shea Stadium.

Jean is on a six-week visit to New York—including an afternoon at a Mets baseball game.

At home, Jean is Director of Public Relations for our French companies. He is typical of the people participating in PRIME, ITT's Program for International Manager Exchange, a plan to develop the skill, initiative, and dedication of our international executive group.

In PRIME, managers spend time away from their regular jobs learning how managers think, work and play in other countries—right down to Saturday afternoon at the Stadium. This broadens their perspective and orients them to working well as members of ITT's international executive team.

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The result of these programs is the development of a new breed of executive—at home in many countries and many businesses, and equipped to deal with a wide variety of opportunities for ITT's growth.

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fever



1969 Dodge Charger. How do you improve on the Success Car of the Year? Just look.

A 343% sales increase last year, and we're not through yet. Still five-passengers big, new Charger is a little more trim, more shapely. Even a new model: Charger

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Dodge  **CHRYSLER**

The Slowpoke Bug.



Are we living in a bugged society?

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And how about something for that nice TV repairman who doesn't make house calls?

Or that temperamental house painter you hired who paints only when he gets the inspiration?

The truth is, our society is being bugged unmercifully by lousy service. And Avis has decided it's about time something was done about it.

Here's our plan:

With every shiny new Plymouth you rent from us you'll get a set of bug stickers like the one on the left.

Of course, if anything bugs you at Avis, sock it to us. We'll knock ourselves out to make things right.

(If we're going to take the No. 1 spot in rent a cars, we can't have any bugs in our system.)

But be sure to keep the stickers when you leave the car. And use them wherever you think they'll do the most good.

If they work for Avis, why not the whole country?



Sears Superwide fiber glass snow tire.
New, it averaged 11% more traction
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15,000 miles later, it averaged twice
the traction.

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We put the Sears Superwide against the five leading snow tires. Here's what happened:
Brand new, the Superwide averaged 11% better starting traction than the other snow tires tested.
At 15,000 miles, it averaged twice the grip in snow because the tread wears

more slowly—up to twice as long.
Two belts of fiber glass run around the Superwide under the tread. And the sidewalls are reinforced with flexible nylon cords.

That way the tire puts down a bigger footprint. So there's more traction and longer tread life.

Sears, Roebuck and Co. guarantees the Superwide for 40 months. That makes it more than a one-winter affair.

Depending on size, the Sears Superwide sells for \$34.99 to \$44.84 F.E.T. included. Available with optional traction spikes where state law permits use.

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The Sears Superwide. The snow tire that seems to improve with age.

The Superwide Snow Tire Guarantee

Not a purchase required at no charge.
If tire with original tread fails from wear, puncture or defects, we will exchange it for a new one at no charge during first 20 months. Charge will be no more than 25% of then current regular selling price plus F.E.T.

If original tread wears off before 40 months we will exchange the tire for a new one charged then current regular selling price plus F.E.T. less 25%.



You can't do better than Sears.

SCORECARD

FOREIGN AFFAIR

Professional soccer in America is perilously in the red, and its only salvation may be foreign attractions. The worst news of the sport's two-year history came this week when the Atlanta Chiefs—called "the league's Rock of Gibraltar" by another team's spokesman—unofficially leaked their decision to pull out of the North American Soccer League.

The Chiefs brought Atlanta its first major professional sports championship this year, and they are one of the best-coached, best-promoted and best-run operations in the league. But attendance was down and the Chiefs have cost their owners, the Braves, some \$700,000 in two years. The Braves organization feels the money might better have been spent to elevate the Braves themselves above fifth place.

None of the other teams in the NASL, it is safe to say, is coming much closer than the Chiefs to breaking even. The Chicago Mustangs claim an average paid attendance of around 2,000 for league play, and that estimate may be a trifle inflated. The Vancouver Royals, who lost over \$500,000 just this year, are likely to fold, and the Baltimore and Boston franchises may move to Philadelphia and Birmingham.

Most of the franchises vow, however, that they will hang in there, with or without Atlanta. And they have found considerable hope, at last, in the crowds drawn this year by visiting foreign teams. Oakland, for example, drew 29,000 to an exhibition against Santos of Brazil. Atlanta averaged over 25,000 in three games with Manchester City and Santos. The Chiefs' surprising (if not absolutely convincing) two victories over Manchester, one of the best teams in Europe, stirred considerable local enthusiasm and an editorial entitled "Soccer To 'Em, Chiefs." The Chiefs are expected, in fact, to carry on next year as an independent, with an expanded international schedule.

Meanwhile, a spokesman for the Dal-

las Tornado team reports brightly that soccer balls are completely sold out and many more are on order in the sporting-goods stores of Dallas County. If the game can be preserved until the great population of schoolboys too small for football can learn to play it, and if games with big-name foreign teams can keep the pot boiling, professional soccer may some day be an American sport.

THE WHITE ATHLETE

Grambling College, the black football power, recruited its first white player, Quarterback James Gregory of Corcoran, Calif., the same way it recruits most of its players. A former Grambling man is an assistant coach at Gregory's high school, and he recommended Gregory to Grambling and vice versa. Gregory is expected to see some action at quarterback, but mainly he will be kicking extra points and field goals.

Gregory has been receiving the same way any player—or any badly needed placekicker—is received at Grambling, the coaches say, and he fits in fine.

So does Rufus Brown, the first white player to receive a football scholarship at Florida A&M. Rufus Brown, however, has earned a racially inspired nickname. In his first practice this fall, the freshman offensive guard found himself in a one-on-one drill. As he held his own commendably in the grunting-and-shoving exercise, one of his new teammates began to shout encouragingly, and the others joined in: "Come on, Rap. Come on, Rap."

NEW RUNNERS

"The Russians have just won their 58th gold medal. And now for a rallying word from Richard Nixon."

The first of those sentences is without a doubt unduly pessimistic. But the second one isn't. Nor, most likely, is this.

"It's time-out on the field, and time for the politics of happiness."

Mr. Nixon's presidential campaign has

bought a one-sixteenth share of the advertising time—to be taken out in 60-second spots—during ABC-TV's big two-week coverage of the Olympic Games. Vice-President Humphrey's campaign is considering whether or not to buy time on ABC's college football telecasts this fall.

An ABC spokesman says he believes that no politician has helped sponsor televised sports before. ABC had to get approval for the idea from the NCAA, the Olympic Committee and its other Olympic advertisers. The network says that as long as time is available, the door is open to other candidates as well.

ROOTERS OR PIGS

American soccer promoters won't understand this, but a Mozambique soccer team recently took some extreme measures to avoid a crowd. Their soccer fans had been getting out of hand, so the Massinga team met the visiting Nabalane Rangers on a secret site.

However, a few thousand rioting rooters might have caused less trouble. To begin with, the game was delayed 30 minutes while the players filled up holes



dug in the field by wild pigs. Then there was a 20-minute interruption because one of the spectators who did show up objected to other fans standing on his father's grave. Then the game was called because of darkness and the unsettling proximity of the graveyard.

When the players turned up the next morning to finish the game they found the wild pigs had dug in again. The holes were filled, the game was completed and Massinga won. Some say

continued

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America's No 1 selling Scotch



THE BOTTLEMAN CUTTY SARK WHISKY, INC. N.Y.C. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. REPRODUCED FROM

SCORECARD continued

the score was 5-0, others say it was 3-0.

General local sentiment, at any rate, is that it was a dull game.

SHOE BUSINESS

The new multispike track shoe in which world records have been bettered four times in three weeks owes its illegality to a catapulted Russian. But maybe it should be illegal anyway. It depends in part on which shoe company you like.

Puma is the company that manufactures the new "brush-traction" shoe, designed especially for a better grip on the new Tartan track surface. Instead of the usual four or six spikes, the new shoe has six rows of small tack-like spikelets across the sole. A size 10, for example, has 68 spikes. The shoe also has comfortable adhesive flaps instead of laces.

But after Russia's Yuriy Stepanov broke the world high-jump record in 1957 by means of a "catapult shoe" with a raised sole, the International Amateur Athletic Foundation made a rule against unusual shoes. The rule limits spikes in the sole to six.

So the new shoe won't be allowed in the Olympics unless the rule is changed, and Vince Matthews' 44.4 400 meters, Lee Evans' 44.0 400 and 1:14.3 600, and John Carlos' 19.7 200 will probably not be allowed as world records.

The Los Angeles representative of Adidas shoes said as much as soon as Carlos' 200 time was announced last week during the final U.S. Olympic track trials at South Lake Tahoe. The representative turned, grim-faced, to a reporter and said, "This record will never be accepted." Puma and Adidas, formed by the two Dassler brothers of Germany some years ago when their partnership split up unamicably, are the fiercest rivals in the sport of track and field.

The Adidas people maintain that the Puma shoe tears up Tartan tracks and that it isn't necessarily responsible for the fast times. Larry James, for example, ran second to Evans in 44.1 wearing standard shoes. Anyway, they say, you can't change the rules this close to the Olympics.

But the Puma people (who began to test the new shoe secretly nine months ago in Zurich and London) point out that the fiber-glass pole was accepted four days before the 1960 Olympics. They contend that their shoe is safer, as well as faster, on Tartan. And most of the

Americans who have worn the shoes are clamoring to use them in Mexico.

The IAAF will consider Puma's request for approval of the shoe October 5. Puma is optimistic and has offered to donate the shoes to any runner of any nation for the Olympics. Adidas is suggesting that Puma can keep its shoe.

GRAND OPENING

This week Jimmie The Greek, the Las Vegas odds maker and self-styled sports analyst (\$1, Dec. 18, 1961), opens an oracular new firm, Jimmie (The Greek) Snyder Information Unlimited. The Greek is issuing a weekly newsletter giving his "fabulous selections" on key sporting events and, when the time is ripe, hot stock tips. Something on the order, perhaps, of Marshall McLuhan's "Dew Line."

A subscription will cost \$500 a year, and subscribers will receive their letters early enough to take advantage of Snyder's pro football picks—which come highly touted, at least by The Greek himself. For the past four years he claims 80% accuracy in picking the winners of NFL and AFL games. "And that's going against the numbers."

This fall the election will get heavy coverage. Right now, any feeling of pride in Agnew aside, The Greek has Nixon 8 to 5 over Humphrey, adding, "To me it's a walkaway, and if Javits and Rokey would ever help Nixon in New York, it would be a washout."

INSIDE DOPE

For the first time in Belgian sport, an athlete has been "set down" for life for competing under the influence of a drug.

Joseph Rombaux, 22, of Bruges, won Belgium's national marathon race last month and was proclaimed national champion. But a routine check of the first five finishers showed that the winner's urine contained amphetamine. Immediately the Royal Belgian Athletic Association stripped Rombaux of his title and his chance for a place on the Belgian Olympic team and barred him permanently from all official meets.

Rombaux has protested that he took the drug without knowing it. The chances of his being reinstated, however, appear to be nil.

And in England last week, Professor Arnold Beckett, a member of the International Olympic Committee's med-

ical commission, said that chemists were working steadily on devising tests for the new stimulant drugs that athletes keep coming up with. The medical committee is purposely not divulging the whole list of drugs it can now find, so that no athlete can be sure that he has found something undetectable.

The medical commission is prepared, says Bockett, to test the top Olympic finishers—if the international federation of each sport so requests—for more than 100 different drugs.

HOY VEH!

The Old Man of Hoy must have felt very, very old last week. It was climbed by a 7-year-old boy.

The Old Man of Hoy is a 450-foot pinnacle of treacherously loose sandstone, rising sheer as the Seagram Building from Hoy, one of the Orkney Islands of the North Atlantic. Sir Walter Scott called it "rude, bold and lofty." They said it couldn't be climbed.

When, two years ago, it finally was conquered, it took a party of crack English mountaineers three days. Last year another party did it carrying television cameras, which recorded the struggle.

And last week 7-year-old Roy Clarkson and his father, Arthur, 31, of Lancashire, did it in five hours. "It was great fun," said Roy of the Hoy climb. "I'd like to do it again."

But what can he do when he's 8?

THEY SAID IT

• Dr. Harry Philpott, president of Auburn University and former vice-president of the University of Florida, on the high preseason rating given Florida's football team: "Really, all that Gator fans want is a 10-and-0 season, to beat Notre Dame in the Rose Bowl and then fire the coach."

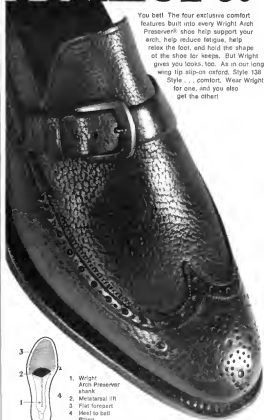
• Steve Ecclestone, Xavier University's sophomore fullback from Canada, seeing his first major league baseball game in Cincinnati: "What are those four priests doing out on the field?"

• Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen, during a discussion about gun control: "I shot a sparrow when I was a boy and I still feel badly about it."

• O. J. Simpson, USC's All-America tailback who gained the national rushing title in 1967 with 1,415 yards, discussing Southern Cal's 1968 outlook: "Our weakness this season could be our running game."

END

comfort?



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A ROUSER ON A RUG

It was played on a carpet, but it was no parlor game as Tennessee got the college football season off to a smashing start by scoring as the clock ran out and completing a two-point conversion pass to tie Georgia **by DAN JENKINS**

The question of whether a good football game can be played on your living room carpet was answered pretty much to everyone's satisfaction last week down on a run of the Smokies in the old South. The University of Tennessee won the sport's interior-decorating award for 1988 with its new synthetic turf, and then the Volunteers somehow managed to tie Georgia, 17 to 17, after an absolutely hellacious opening to the college football season.

There at the end, with Tennessee Quarterback Bubba Wyche throwing a touch-down pass and then a two-point conversion after the clock had run out, everything was sagging, especially heartbeats, but not the gleaming nylon playing field. It was still a rich green and as spotless as it was when the game began three hours earlier. And this was after a truckload of Tennessee cheerleaders had driven on it, after a Tennessee walking horse had pranced around it, after a Georgia bulldog had gnawed at it and after a Georgia coach had flicked ashes from his pipe on it. It was even after a Negro had played on it, which hasn't happened every day in the Southeastern Conference. The verdict so far has to be that the turf is glorious. God blew it when he gave us grass.

The fact that these two splendid teams played such a stirring, explosive game on the synthetic surface is testimony enough to its usefulness. But there were other things to be noted about the rug, which literally leaped up at you in glowing emerald under the cloudless Knoxville sky. With the game over, you still

couldn't see a soiled spot on any of the uniforms. This leads to the assumption that a school can save \$10,000 a year in cleaning bills alone if it installs Tartan Turf, which is what the stuff is called. The footing was good. Nobody skidded or tripped like a lot of us do when we move across our dens to switch channels. And the cost of maintenance is going to be low unless a school is hit by fire, earthquake, flood or moths that can digest nylon, since Tennessee and Georgia's hard-driving linemen didn't take a single divot. In fact, this lack of damage to the nonfurf, plus the unsoiled jerseys, gave the game an unreal quality; the unspeckled field and the clean suits made the last play look like the first.

The manufacturers of the field, who also have installed one at the University of Wisconsin, did not claim for an instant that it would provide such startling deeds as a 40-yard field goal, a 90-yard punt return, an 80-yard off-tackle smash, a 53-yard field-goal try that hit the crossbar and a 21-yard scoring pass on the last play of the 60 minutes, all of which the Vols and Bulldogs furnished. What the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Co. did claim was that Tartan Turf ought to eliminate upkeep and cut down on injuries because football cleats have a habit of digging into the roots of conventional fields and causing knee troubles.

The Tennessee field is quite a bit different from AstroTurf, which the Monsanto company makes, although you have to walk around on the two to tell the difference. AstroTurf, which is in Houston's dome, sits up higher and bristles. It makes a noise when you step on it. Skrench, maybe. Like stepping on a million toothbrushes. Tartan Turf is more compact, tighter woven in a sense. Both surfaces give, like plush carpet. A fairly good debate—and probably a multimillion-dollar one—is going on now in the existing world of synthetic athletic fields as to which is the better. Whoever wins, the stuff is here to stay, and how do you like your front lawn lately?

The big winner of the Georgia-Tennessee tie was Minnesota Mining, which is best known for making all of that Scotch Tape that your kids use up around the house. The 3M Company got into the sports business eight years ago after William McKnight, the chairman of the board who also owns Tartan Stable, asked his trainer, Johnny Nerud, what 3M could do to help racing. Nerud told McKnight, "Invent a track that's never muddy and doesn't have chuck holes or high spots—something with a uniform surface."

McKnight went to his staff of chemists and suggested they try it. Chairmen of boards generally have a way of getting listened to, so the chemists went to work. The result has been not only syn-

continued

Tennessee's Kral almost loses the ball (above) as he falls into the end zone after catching pass at game's end. A moment later DeLong (#3) has a firm grip on the vital last two points.



thetic horse-racing tracks, but basketball floors, running tracks and now football fields.

Meanwhile another forward-looking man, Tennessee Athletic Director Bob Woodruff, had been pushing for several years for an updated physical layout in Knoxville. He wanted new field houses, swimming pools, tracks and winning football teams again. Two years ago Woodruff had a Tartan basketball court installed. A Tartan running track is already down, and the stadium is going up around it for next spring's NCAA track and field championship in Knoxville. When Woodruff finally ordered the Tartan football field, there were those who figured Tennessee might as well change its colors from orange to plaid.

The rug was bought in June, at a cost of \$200,000, and required about two months to install. There are several steps involved, which may be of interest to those who own unreliable power mowers. First, you dig up everything and lay a foot of compacted soil. On top of that you put six inches of gravel or four inches of crushed rock. You then lay 1½ inches of asphaltic concrete binder and then another inch of fine-texture asphalt. Finally, you put down the inch-thick Tartan, the bottom half inch being rubber and plastic and the top half grass-like nylon fibers. It is smooth, sticky, holds the heat and will burn your feet if

you try to run barefoot through sprinklers on it, but a lot of people think grass hurts, too.

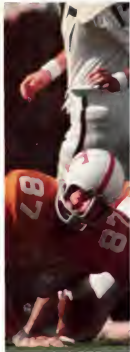
Georgia did not want to play on the carpet and protested to the Southeastern Conference about a breach of contract and such things. A mild furor rose and subsided, but not the jokes. Where were the ash trays? Coach Vince Dooley of Georgia wanted to know when he walked in and looked at the field on Friday afternoon. A Knoxville motel had a sign on its marquee that said, "We have Tartan carpets for all our Georgia guests." And a banner hung from the Georgia side of the field during the game that read, "Come to Bulldog country—the home of real sho' nuff grass."

As it turned out, the game would have been a classic if it had been played on a barge moving down the Tennessee River, which almost washes against the end zone of the Vols' stadium.

It started out very much like one of those old-fashioned SEC games. A lot of defense, punting, fumbles and missed field goals. As a matter of fact, Tennessee recovered an implausible seven fumbles in the first half, four of Georgia's and three of its own, the ball always bouncing right on the Vols' Tartan surface. It was one of those Georgia fumbles that led to Tennessee's seven-point lead. A bad hand-off gave the Vols the ball at the Georgia 17. Five plays later Tennessee Tailback Mike Jones dived high over a pyramid of players for the touchdown, proving among other things that a fellow can probably jump higher on phony grass.

By the middle of the third quarter Georgia had managed to get a 40-yard field goal by Jim McCullough and the Tennessee lead had been narrowed, but the game was still under control. And then Tennessee's Herman Weaver booted one of his 13 punts (he averaged a remarkable 45 yards) some 57 yards through the clear air. The ball drifted around up there with the Goodyear blimp for a while and then came down into the arms of Georgia Safety Jake Scott, who can run.

Scott did a little dart to his left, and another to his right, and he drifted back some to let a teammate, Lee Daniel, lay a crunching block on Tennessee's fine end, Ken DeLong. Then he was going down the sideline, right past his own bench, jumping over a Georgia helmet that had spilled out onto the rug, and



In bruising action typical of the day, Georgia



Harassed Bubba Wyche finally found a way.

finally he was long gone—90 yards to a touchdown. "I thought somebody was chasing me," he said later. "But I looked back and saw he was ours."

In the middle of the fourth quarter, after Tennessee Linebacker Steve Kiner had trapped Georgia Quarterback Donnie Hampton trying to pass from his one-inch line for a safety that narrowed the score to 10-9, Georgia Fullback Bruce Kemp got away on a journey that almost matched Scott's. It was an ordinary off-tackle play, except it was executed perfectly, which rarely happens. Starting at his own 20, Kemp broke a tackle just beyond the line and went 80 yards. Now it was 17-9, and Georgia had slowly begun to look like the better team. The Bulldogs had two ferocious linemen, Tackle Bill Stanfill and End Billy Payne, who had shut off Tennessee's running game and had kept Bubba Wyche's passes from moving the Vols.

There were just two and a half min-



Fullback Bruce Kamp dives through a small hole to slight oval, but on a similar play in fourth period he broke free for 80-yard touchdown run.

utes left when Tennessee found itself on its 20-yard line with, really, only one last chance to tie the game. But now Wyche proved he was no ordinary quarterback. At this point he had hit only nine of 26 passes and ought to have been discouraged, but he had to keep passing. He managed two short completions—and then found Lester McClain, a tall sophomore from Nashville who is Tennessee's first Negro varsity player, with a big 14-yarder when it was fourth and three. The roar from the stands rivaled that during halftime when the band formed a Confederate flag.

Wyche, looking like a pro quarterback on a desperation march, completed three more passes down to the Georgia four-yard line. But then Tennessee started going in reverse. Two impassioned defensive plays by Standfill and Payne pushed Wyche back to the 21 with just four seconds showing on the clock. Wyche called for a post-pattern pass and



Tailback Mike Jones both scored and held.

then turned to End Gary Kreis in the huddle and said, "Do or die. You better get it, Gary."

Kreis, who had dropped three passes earlier, crossed over the middle and Wyche threw to the goal line. Kreis grabbed the ball at the one-yard line, felt it slipping sickeningly from his grasp as he fell into the end zone on his back and then had it again when he hit the Tartan. It was two seconds after the zeros had flashed on the clock.

But Tennessee still had to come up with a two-point play to get the tie. Wyche spread out his flankers again and fired over the middle again, this time hitting Ken DeLong right in the belly at the one. DeLong was falling as he turned into the end zone, and before he could get up the whole state of Tennessee was swarming after him, stomping around and hollering on that synthetic turf about an ending to a game that was not synthetic at all.

END



TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY AT TAHOE

Past heroes like Billy Mills and Gerry Lindgren failed at the U.S. Olympic Trials and Jim Ryun nearly did, but for others, like John Carlos, Lee Evans and Bob Seagren, the meet was sheer heaven

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

A Very Brundage himself said two years ago when he went to check the pulse of the Little Olympic Games at Mexico City, "Well, I have seen the runners run at high altitude, and no one fell down dead."

American runners—and jumpers and throwers—last week concluded six weeks of sucking thin air on a pine-flecked granite mountaintop overlooking the casinos of Lake Tahoe, hard by the ragged eastern edge of California. Echo Summit is the same elevation as Mexico City, and it is at least as breathtaking. The Americans ran and ran, and they did not die. Over the last eight days, in the Absolutely Final Olympic Trials, following a daily schedule of heats and semifinals and finals patterned after the Games themselves, they proved the equal of any track and field team the United States has ever put together—at any altitude. It is certainly a faster team (if you make allowances for altitude-influenced times) and probably a stronger one: there is a growing confidence among the 67 members of it that they can handle a big bag of thin air like Mexico City any old time.

Death, in the case of selecting an Olympic team, is a relative noun, of course. There were some fine athletes at Echo Summit who died a little. Thirty-year-old Bob Schul, who had won a gold medal in Tokyo in 1964, went into the woods and cried after he failed to make the first three in the 5,000 meters. He was a painful sight coming down the stretch a distant last, his face contorted, his asthmatic wheezes audible even up in the stands, his once powerful stride a stagger as he fought age, altitude and the stuff, chilling winds that whipped the track. He did not quit, but he never had a chance.

Little Gerry Lindgren, an Olympian in 1964 at 18, flopped down on the st-

field after his second failure (he missed in both the 10,000 and 5,000) and lay there, spread-eagled, his eyes closed and mouth ajar, paying no mind to the stone under his back. Steeplechaser Pat Traynor and his wife sat with their arms tight around one another for a long time, sobbing. A pretty girl came up to Decathlete Russ Hodge, sitting in the stands a few days after injury had done him in, and asked why he had not called her. "Well," said Hodge, not smiling, "I haven't felt much like calling anybody." Richmond Flowers, fighting his way back all summer from a disabling thigh injury, was stunned by his failure in the high hurdles, and so was Dave Patrick by his in the 1,500. But Billy Mills, the winner of the 10,000 at Tokyo, anticipated disaster and had prepared an answer for the inevitable question, "Tomorrow," said Mills, "is the first day of the rest of my life."

The quality of those who did *not* make it is, of course, an indication of the quality of those who did. They were good enough in those eight days to break four world records. Geoff Vanderstock in the 400-meter hurdles, John Carlos at 200 meters, Lee Evans at 400, Bob Seagren in the pole vault. Predictably, they did not do better in running events of 800 meters and over, where blood counts and cell viscosities and single carburetors can cause a man grief at high altitude. It was predictable, too, that with less air resistance there would be improvements in most field events and the shorter races.

One afternoon two world records almost overlapped. First Seagren, the affluent, handsome-on-handsome Southern California college boy who sees in the Olympics the ultimate in the approbation he seeks ("I like attention. It's as simple as that. I want people to like me"), pole-vaulted 17'9". And on

his very first try. Down the runway, into the box, *apronggg*, over. No sweat. Shortly afterward Carlos, a goateed, ivy-talking slum kid from Harlem who remembers his neighborhood as a place where kids drank cheap Scotch and who believes that at least part of his mission in life is to point up the implications of that fact to the Establishment, ran—*flw*—200 meters in 19.7 seconds. He beat Tommie Smith for the first time in his life, and he also beat Smith's old record of 20.0. Smith with a stomachache, was second at 19.9.

"You got nothing on me, Bob," Carlos yelled happily to Seagren afterward. Somebody does, unfortunately. Carlos and Evans in the 400—were wearing technically illegal "brush-bottom" shoes, and their records will need a rule amendment to survive. No matter. As Carlos pointed out to a newsmen, "You saw it, and you'll write it, and everybody will know there was *somebody* in those shoes. I felt like I could have run it barefoot." (Larry James, a tenth of a second behind Evans, wore a standard four-spoke shoe.)

In a very meaningful sense, the contrasts that Seagren and Carlos represent tell much of what there is to tell about a U.S. Olympiateam. As usual, it is a pastiche of students, teachers, insurance salesmen, unemployed husbands supported by their wives as they go through this "phase" in their life, slum guys, rich guys, guys with beards, guys in their 30s, teen-agers, guys who want to get into the movies, play pro football, preach the gospel, sell for Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith.

There are soldiers like little Mel Bender, an Army captain who enjoys the distinction of being just about the world's oldest active sprinter (at 30 he makes the team at 100 meters for the second time), and Pfc. Tracy Smith, blond and

continued

Jim Ryun (left), here struggling on the first lap of the 800, showed in a test as Tom Farrell (behind Oregon's Wade Bell) swept ahead to victory

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICH CLARKSON

beetle-browed and for this season a smash hit at 10,000 meters. There are soldiers about to be civilians, like Tom Farrell, who, with Wade Bell and Ron Kutschinski, carried out the humiliation of Jim Ryun in the 800 meters. And there are soldiers-to-be like Larry Questad. Questad called Montana to give his family the news right after he qualified in the 200. "Congratulations," said his mother. "I've got some news for you, too. You've been drafted."

It is a team of mountains like 295-pound George Woods, who quit his insurance job to concentrate on catching up with Randy Matson in the shotput, which he has done, and molehills like 5' 7" Charlie Greene. Greene and Jimmy Hines make up the fastest four-legged sprinter ever sent to an Olympics. They almost always are given the same time because they are seldom far enough apart for the clock to separate them. Hines has an edge in their continuing duel, but Greene gets more attention.

He describes himself as a "status-seeker." He likes to give his interviews some class. He once took a reporter down to a lake near Lincoln, Neb., to point out where he sits by the water, listening to the bullfrogs and meditating. A photographer was assigned to capture the scene. He asked Charlie's coach, Frank Sevgine, where the lake was. "What lake?" asked Sevgine. "The lake where Charlie meditates." "Oh, no," said Sevgine, "not again." "I like to give them something to write about," says Charlie.

There are men who have made great comebacks, like 25-year-old Willie Davenport in the 110-meter hurdles (he was eliminated in Tokyo after an injury, was written off earlier this summer and is now the best in the world), and John Pennel, who was second in the pole vault, and others who never went away. Al Oerter qualified to try for his fourth straight gold medal in the Olympic Games in the discus, and there probably will never be an American Olympic team with-

out Harold Connolly and his hammer.

It was, however, almost an Olympic team without Jim Ryun, if you can imagine that. Ryun was eliminated in the 800 when, by his own admission, he ran "a stupid race." He stayed out in lane three when he should have souged up tight inside. Out there he probably ran an extra 30 yards. Kutschinski and Mark Winzenried began a prolonged surge from 500 yards out—they had been advised that it was folly to wait and kick with Ryun in the last 200. Keeping up with them sapped Ryun of whatever kick he might have had, and when he realized the race was lost he slowed down and trotted the final 100 yards, not quite believing what had happened. Later he could not recall that people had spoken to him as he made his way back to his trailer where he showered and, alone, thought it out.

"People build up this big image of Jim Ryun, that he is this super athlete," Ryun said. "I don't feel that way. I

THE U.S. MEN'S OLYMPIC TRACK AND FIELD TEAM

The three entries in each event, with their performances in the final trials

100 METERS (world record 9.9 seconds)

1 Jim Hines Oakland, Calif.	10.0
2 Charlie Greene Omaha	10.1
3 Mel Pender Atlanta	10.2

200 METERS (10.0)

1 John Carlos San Jose, Calif.	19.7
2 Tamme Smith Lemoore, Calif.	19.9
3 Larry Questad Livingston, Mont.	20.0

400 METERS (44.5)

1 Lee Evans San Jose, Calif.	44.0
2 Larry James White Plains, N.Y.	44.1
3 Ron Freeman Elizabeth, N.J.	44.6

800 METERS (1:44.3)

1 Tom Farrell Forest Hills, N.Y.	1:45.5
2 Wade Bell Eugene, Ore.	1:47.1
3 Ron Kutschinski Grand Rapids, Mich.	1:47.8

1,500 METERS (3:33.1)

1 Jim Ryun Wichita, Kans.	3:49.0
2 Martin Lujan Cedar Grove, N.J.	3:49.4
3 Tom Von Rader Los Angeles	3:49.8

5,000 METERS (13:16.8)

1 Bob Day Los Angeles	14:37.4
2 Jack Bachelor Birmingham, Mich.	14:37.4
3 Lou Scott Detroit	14:53.4

10,000 METERS (27:09.4)

1 Tracy Smith Arcadia, Calif.	30:00.4
2 Van Nelson Minneapolis	30:04.0
3 Tom Luns Walnut Creek, Calif.	30:09.8

MARATHON (2:09:38.4)

1 George Young Casa Grande, Ariz.	2:30:48
2 Ken Moore Eugene, Ore.	2:31:47
3 Ronald Daws Minneapolis	2:33:09

110-METER HURDLES (13.3)

1 Willie Davenport Baton Rouge	13.8
2 Leon Coleman Boston	13.5
3 Ery Hall Philadelphia	13.5

400-METER HURDLES (49.1)

1 Geoff Vanderstock Los Angeles	48.8
2 Boyd Gillis Bellevue, Wash.	49.1
3 Ron Whitney Boulder, Colo.	49.2

3,000-METER STEEPLECHASE (8:24.3)

1 George Young Casa Grande, Ariz.	8:58.0
2 Bill Rint Oceanport, N.J.	8:58.4
3 Conrad Nightingale Holstead, Kan.	9:04.4

HIGH JUMP (7' 5 1/2")

1 Ed Carothers Santa Ana, Calif.	7' 3"
2 Reynaldo Brown Compton, Calif.	7' 3"
3 Dick Fosbury Medford, Ore.	7' 3"

don't like to blow races, but to expect me to be the best half-miler is stupid. I am not a half-miler. I don't have the experience in the half mile. Lately I haven't had the speed work. At least now the pressure is off."

Ryan emerged from his trailer a sadder, wiser and more determined man. Four days later he qualified handsomely in the 1,500 meters, an event he does consider his specialty.

In the end, it is this kind of determination that separates the Olympian from the Olympic candidate. The kind of thing that brings Bob Seagren back after being in the hospital prior to his record vault (he has a congenital back problem). The kind of thing that drove John Carlos into fasting almost from the time he got to Echo Summit (he starved his weight down from 196 pounds to 187). When Tom Farrell returned from his upset of Ryan in the 800, he told his wife Chris he wanted to do nothing but lie in bed and stare at the wall for

six hours. "So what else is new?" said Chris. "You've been doing that for the last week." The night before his 44-flat 400 meters Lee Evans ran so much in his sleep that wife Linda got out of bed and slept on the floor.

Echo Summit will be remembered as a plus for the U.S. team. There were rough spots—contaminated water, lousy food, erratic transportation, one-channel television, too many busybody coaches—but they were smoothed over. For the great majority, the physiological and psychological adjustment to altitude was accomplished quickly. For a few, however, it was a more painful process. Sprinter Jim Kemp twice was a stretcher case. Hurdler Russ Rogers blacked out after a race, pitched forward and fell heavily. Ten stitches were needed to close the hole in his chin.

But no one died, except in spirit, and of those the saddest was Mills, the 7/16th Sioux Indian who had been such a hero in Tokyo. His spirit died very slowly.

He is an intelligent man, but he was totally unable to accept the fact he will not be having a second chance for glory. Except for a stomach problem, a weakness in the stomach wall that caused him to develop stitches at inopportune times—like when he was running—Mills was in excellent shape at Tahoe. This is what goaded him. Having failed in the 10,000 because of the cramps, he hoped he would be allowed into the 5,000, though he had not qualified for that event. He hung around for days trying, and the athletes even got up a petition in his behalf. But the officials had ruled against others in similar circumstances. They could not justify an exception for Mills and they did not.

"Dammit, Billy," said George Young, who will try a steeplechase-marathon double at Mexico City and is the only American entered in two events, "you ought to do a war dance."

"With my luck," said Mills, "it would rain."

LONG JUMP (27' 4 1/2")

1. Bob Brunson New York	27'6 1/2"
2. Ralph Bestie Laurel, Miss	27'1"
3. Charlie Mays Jersey City	25'3 1/2"

TRIPLE JUMP (54' 10 1/2")

1. Art Walker Birmingham, Ala	54'6 1/2"
2. Dave Smith Los Angeles	53'0"
3. Norm Pate East Orange, N.J.	52'6 1/2"

POLE VAULT (12' 7 1/2")

1. Bob Seagren Pomona, Calif	12'9"
2. John Pommel Eacore, Calif	12'0"
3. Carey Carrigan Orting, Wash.	12'0"

SHOTPUT (51' 5 1/2")

1. George Woods Sikeston, Mo	68'1 1/2"
2. Dave Maggard Los Altos, Calif	67'4 1/2"
3. Randy Matson Pampa, Texas	67'1 1/2"

DISCUS THROW (216' 3 1/2")

1. Jay Silvester Lagan, Utah	207'6"
2. Gary Carlson Rock Island, Ill.	205'2"
3. Al Center West Islip, N.Y.	204'8"

HAMMER THROW (241' 11")

1. Ed Burke Costa Mesa, Calif	226'3"
2. Al Hall Charlton, Mass.	220'5"
3. Harold Connolly Oakley City, Calif	213'8"

JAVELIN THROW (301' 8")

1. Mark Myers Newark	263'9"
2. Frank Covelli Long Beach, Calif	259'0"
3. Gary Shenlund Athens, Ohio	254'9"

DECATHLON (8,316 points)

1. Bill Toomey Santa Barbara, Calif	8,222
2. Rick Sloan Anaheim, Calif	7,800
3. Tom Waddell Washington	7,706

20 KILOMETER WALK (1:38:25.4)

1. Ron Laird Pomona, Calif.	1:37:45
2. Rudy Holara Riverdale, Calif	1:38:14
3. Tom Dooley San Francisco	1:41:03

50 KILOMETER WALK (4:00:51.8)

1. Larry Young San Pedro, Calif	4:34:18
2. Goetz Klopfer Baton Rouge	4:44:02
3. Dave Ramonaky Peardville, N.J.	4:47:23

Ronnie Ray Smith of Los Angeles, who was fourth in the 100, and Vince Matthews of New York, who was fourth in the 400, have been added as members of the 400- and 1,600-meter relay teams. World records in parentheses are those that are currently recognized. Some Olympic Trial performances battered existing world records, but not all are likely to be accepted by the International Amateur Athletic Federation.



"How's it feel?" ask broadcasters Sandy Kousser and Dizzy Dean, and McLain has all the answers—in test run the day before historic win.

GOLDEN 30 FOR SHOW BIZ DENNY

Until he stepped on the mound, you couldn't tell the man from the celebrities. Then Denny McLain began to pitch, and baseball had its first 30-game winner since 1934, when Diz became an American original by **ALFRED WRIGHT**

As we all know, there are those awkward moments in life when it seems as if the whole world is staring at you. For instance, when you get your school diploma or you get married or have a massive hangover. Although last week none of those things happened to Denny McLain, the Detroit pitcher felt that way nonetheless. In fact, he usually does. But last week was something special, for McLain pitched and won his 29th and 30th (see cover) games of the 1968 season. True, he was only the 46th pitcher in history to do this, but he was the first since Dizzy Dean in 1934, a year in which they were still looking for the Lindbergh ransom money, Hitler had just become

usher and Clark Gable won the Academy Award for *It Happened One Night*.

Denny McLain bathed happily in all the front-page fuss. Brash and Irish, he often acts as if it were his world and the rest of the people were just passing through. He is also pure show biz from the top of his square head to the soles of his itchy feet. So it was fitting that he spent the first half of his week winning his 29th game against the California Angels within sight of Disneyland and making occasional strafing runs on Hollywood itself. Back home in more prosaic Detroit, McLain completed his 30th victory with an anything but prosaic six-hit melodrama against the vis-

iting Oakland Athletics in front of coast-to-coast, living-color TV. Beforehand he managed to create a kind of ersatz Hollywood of his own right in his suburban Detroit split-level. From morning to night the place was choked with booking agents in sideburns and mod suits and their mansucried chicks—all of them shouting at each other and over the long-distance phone while McLain, accompanied by the members of his four-piece combo, was down in the den, shattering neighbors' eardrums with his X-77 Hammond organ as ABC-TV cameras cranked away.

Well, that's Denny McLain for you. He may look like a linebacker after 10

years of NFL combat, and he may have the jumpiest fastball in the American League, but it is the incandescent flame of show biz that burns in Denny's heart. Thirty games? Ho-hum. *The Ed Sullivan Show*? Yeah, baby.

Last things first. Baseball's 30-game winner-to-be got up last Saturday morning around 10:30 and wolfed down the scrambled eggs and sausage his wife Sharyn had just dished up. The neighbors must have thought he was sick or something, because he only spent a couple of minutes on the organ, banging out a thing called *Girl Talk* that is on his new Capitol Records album. There was barely time for a few phone calls and just one argument with Frank Scott, his agent in New York. Then his brother drove him to Tiger Stadium in the Caddy convertible that a local dealer has given McLain for a second car.

Waiting in the Detroit clubhouse was a raft of newspaper, magazine, TV and radio reporters, poised with pencil and mike to record McLain's confrontation with immortality. After his first full night's sleep since Monday, he was in full stride—rascally one minute, sincere as a scoutmaster the next. "What did you do last night, Denny?" someone asked.

Sitting on a stool in front of his locker half undressed, McLain shuffled through some mail. He looked up at the reporters and the mikes that were shoved at his face. "Oh, I talked on the phone until about midnight. Then I went to bed and kept dreaming I'd lost my contact lenses. I spend more money on contact lenses than most guys make."

"Are you in the right mood for today?"

"I was until one of you guys started calling me 'McLain.' Look, it's Denny or Dennis or Mr. McLain. Anything but 'McLain.'"

"Is this the biggest game you've pitched all year?"

"No. That was when we came back after losing five of six games and I won over California 6-1."

"Where'll we meet you after you win the game today, Denny?"

"You guys are presuming a lot, aren't you?"

And so out to the field for batting practice, more interviews, the warmup and finally the game. The crowd of 44,087,

which surprisingly failed to fill Tiger Stadium on this balmy, climactic afternoon, emptied its throats at the sight of, uh, Denny. They had forgotten he once called them "the world's worst fans."

The eldest man on the premises was white-haired Dizzy Dean, who had come all the way from his home in Mississippi to watch Denny tie the record he made on the last day of the 1934 season to put St. Louis into the World Series. "You got a cigarette, podner?" Dean asked a man in the press dining room. "I'm so nervous I can't eat."

The game began placidly despite all the tension. Denny threw 44 pitches in the first three innings, allowing only a harmless single to Danny Cater in the first. He felt good and he had his stuff. But in the fourth with one man on, Reggie Jackson hit "a good curseball," as Denny later described it, into the lower stands in right field for a home run, and Denny was behind 2-0. Later that inning when he reached first base on a walk, Denny said to Cater, "Tell Jackson to be expecting that same pitch the next time he comes up." Denny considers it an accident if anyone hits one of his good pitches.

Norm Cash hit a three-run homer for the Tigers to give Detroit a one-run lead, but Denny quickly lost it. He walked Dave Duncan, the catcher, and the Athletics worked him around the bases. Reggie Jackson reappeared in the sixth inning, and Denny threw him what he called "my only bad pitch of the game." It was a changeup that just hung there, and Jackson put it in the upper deck.

The score stayed 4-3 for the A's until the Tigers came to bat in the ninth, their last chance. Denny was first up, so Manager Mayo Smith replaced him with Pinch Hitter Al Kaline. Now it would take two Detroit runs to bring Denny his victory. Kaline walked, and Mickey Stanley moved him to third with a single. Frenzy shook Tiger Stadium as Jim Northrup came to bat. He topped a ball halfway to first, which Cater fielded and threw over the catcher's head as Kaline scored to tie the game. Next came Willie Horton, a fireplug of a man with 35 home runs so far. With only one out, the Athletics moved everyone including the outfielders in close to cut off the run from third. Horton drove a 2-2 pitch past the leftfielder for the winning run.

All this while, Denny had been pac-

continued

PHOTOGRAPH BY KIRK SCHWARTZ



On eve of immortality, McLain records new piece with four-man combo in his suburban den

ing up and down the silent Detroit dugout, hatless and shouting exhortations. "Calm down," Mayo Smith told him. Denny calmed down until Horion's hit, then he rushed on the field like Zsa Zsa Gabor at a party, embracing everyone he saw. His teammates made an awkward attempt to hoist him to their shoulders in reciprocity, for, after all, it was Denny's pitching that had earned them to within sight of Detroit's first pennant in 23 years. Miraculously, Denny would not levitate.

Fittingly, Denny's big week began alongside the Smothers Brothers' swimming pool in Los Angeles, discussing an hour-long Special in which the Smothers wanted to star him. He read the mimeographed "presentation" they gave him and liked it. "I don't want any gimmicks," Denny told his agent later. "If it's going to be a Special, I just want me alone and nobody else. That's what I like about this show."

"Yeah, Denny," the agent said.

After the Smothers stopover, Denny just did get to Anaheim in time to check into the hotel and get to the hall park for the pregame warmup. It is things like that that can make life a drudgery. Denny was not due to pitch again for another 24 hours, so he spent most of the game leaning on the rail in front of the dugout, ostensibly to study the Angels but more realistically to let his mind wander around among some new arrangements for the combo or a weekend booking in Saginaw.

That night Denny and his roommate, Shortstop Ray Oyler, tucked it in right after the game. If there is one thing Denny takes seriously, it is a good night's sleep before he pitches. The next day the long-distance calls from the booking agents began coming in at 10:30 in the morning. The Smothers Brothers called. So did Glen Campbell, the TV personality, to tell Denny he would be at the game that night. Somebody from the *Steve Allen Show* phoned about an appearance the next day. Between phone calls, Denny and Oyler played a little gin, watched an old Errol Flynn movie on TV and another TV show with Abbott and Costello.

When hitting practice was over on Tuesday evening, Denny went back in the clubhouse to wait until it was time to warm up. Who should come in but Ed Sullivan, resplendent in a jacket of

dried-blood maroon and fuchsia slacks. The clubhouse of a visiting baseball team is one of the fascinating scenes in all of sport. The players, having nothing better to do, sit silently on the stools in front of their lockers staring vacantly out toward the center of the room, immobile as the statues in a Florentine garden. With Ed Sullivan and retinue surrounding Denny, there was something to look at for a change. Denny finally took Sullivan over to a row of stools and introduced him to a few of the Tigers like, fortuitously, Willie Horion. "It's a great honor," Denny explained,

"having those people come into the clubhouse. The players really get a kick out of it."

It was time for Denny to pick up his jacket and head for the field. "Have you any goals?" a reporter asked him as Denny was leaving.

"Yeah," he said. "To be a musician."

This game, No. 29 on Denny's list of victories, looked like a laugh-off all the way. In the third inning he hit a triple over the centerfielder's head and came puffing into third in a slide. "I didn't need to slide," he said, "but I was out of gas and wanted to sit down." It was



In front of Hollywood studio, McCain watches with hopes as Steve Allen shows his stuff

Denny's first triple of the year and not something he particularly likes to do. He would much prefer to stop at each base along the way and chat with the players and umpires. By the end of the fourth inning, Denny's teammates had given him a 6-0 lead. It was fortunate, for in the sixth Denny threw home-run balls—his 27th and 28th of the year—to Rick Reichardt and Tom Satriano, costing a local radio station \$3,900 in prize money to its listeners, who profit from something called a "Home-run-for-the-money" inning. The Angels had little to complain about, however, for

Denny had attracted 22,618 into the ball park, which was 13,000 over the recent average. For a community like Orange County, which makes an art of sitting on its wallets, this was a historic splurge.

Settling down after his shaky sixth inning, Denny gave Orange County the victory it came to see. In gratitude, the residents stood and cheered each one of Denny's final pitches as he struck out Pitch Hitter Roger Repoz. Afterward Denny went out for a few drinks with Glen Campbell and the others who came down from Hollywood.

The next morning Denny was up

early and down the street to Disneyland to arrange for some bookings after the World Series. "I have agents for everything," he explained, "but when it comes down to it, nobody can make the decisions but the personality himself." Then he was off along the freeway into Hollywood for some publicity sills at Capitol Records. Somebody brought in a copy of Denny's new album and put it on the record player, and Denny listened intently. After the first tune he said, "The more I hear it, the more I dislike it," but he didn't really mean it. "I have the album at home," he went on, "but I think I've only played it a dozen times. It's like pitching. Right after you've done it, you lose interest."

It was time to move down Vine Street for the *Steve Allen Show*, which was being taped for a later date. Allen chatted with Denny onstage and then sat him down at a Hammond organ. Without so much as a rehearsal, Denny dashed off one of the rhythm numbers that are the strong part of his repertoire. After that, Denny and Allen put on some stray baseball blouses and went out to the sidewalk in front of the theater to play catch with Pat Harrington Jr., one of the fixtures on the show.

It was past one o'clock Friday morning when the Tigers' 727 took off for the night flight to Detroit. And who was sitting up in the check-pilot's seat for takeoff? Denny McLain, of course. And for the landing, too, at 7:30 that morning. In between, he caught a couple of hours' sleep stretched out on a seat with a blanket over him.

It was all the sleep Denny would get over a stretch of some 40 hours. The bookers and agents and musicians and TV crews were waiting for him at home, where another normal day in the life of Dennis McLain was about to begin. He trusts that if he survives the rest of the season and the World Series and *The Ed Sullivan Show* and the *Snatchers Brothers Special* and the disapproval of Mayo Smith, who looks like an English vicar when his face hardens at the thought of Denny's extracurricular distractions: if he survives all that and the Las Vegas and Saginaw and other combo bookings he is making for the winter, "We might gross a quarter of a million."

"Isn't that what it's all about?" he asks. "Money."

END



Ed Sullivan slumped beneath Tiger cap, talks with Denny before 28th win at Anaheim Park



In top hat, McLain goes over routine with Smothers Brothers that will be seen on TV this fall

HASHUP AND HASHISH IN SWEDEN

Nobody really won—Jimmy Ellis lost ground in his fight for public acceptance. Floyd Patterson saw a fine effort wasted, the Swedes were melancholy about it all and the draft dodgers just kept smoking **by MARK KRAM**

A strange country, Sweden, the poet Wordsworth thought, a place of leafless trees and icy crags that tinkle like iron and, always, that pervasive melancholy. But the weather and "feel" of Stockholm would have betrayed the poet most of last week. Warm and softly beautiful, the city seemed idyllic and very far from reality, with the Viking-like barques gliding through the canals, the band playing in the park, sunlight glinting off stately and American draft evaders sitting under trees smoking hashish.

That was Stockholm before it all faded suddenly. It figured that Russian winter would trail Floyd Patterson into town when he left his training camp on the edge of the Baltic Sea, and at light time Saturday night being in Solna Fotbollstadion did, indeed, feel like being on an icy crag. The sky was an Ingmar Bergman sky, strangely colored, and a cold wind beat through the stands as 32,000 people, bolstered by beer and aquavit, sat and waited for Heavyweight Champion Jimmy Ellis to provide a quick and absolute final end to one of the strangest careers in ring history.

But that was not to be. Patterson, the Captain Ahab of boxing who, many think, should retire and cultivate his neuroses, created a thrilling piece of work, making his finest (perhaps only) fight since he knocked out Ingemar Johansson in their second match. With some style and much grit, he took Ellis across 15 rounds and, with a spectacular last stand in the 13th and 14th rounds, missed by a thread winning his third heavyweight championship. It was a fight that only the most idiotic of the large Patterson cult believed he would survive beyond the early rounds. The Swedes left the stadium visibly moved by his performance and almost apoplectic over the decision.

Floyd? Well—just listen to Floyd.

"The referee decides," said Patterson. "I have nothing to say about the decision. I do not wish to detract from Jimmy's fight."

"Do you know Ellis may have suffered a fractured nose in the second round?" he was asked.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm sorry I busted his nose."

His pacifist stance and passiveness in close defeat, which long ago became tiresome to many, seemed particularly eccentric this time. He was hardly passive in the ring, though, as he stayed with Ellis in a tough, cruel fight that saw the WBA champion come fearfully apart. The nose was fractured in the second round, and it streamed blood until the end. Ellis also damaged his left thumb in that round and took a nasty gash over his right eye (six or seven stitches) when Floyd caught him with another jab after the one to the nose.

Unquestionably, the nose distracted Ellis and hurt his fight, but Patterson's effort cannot be underrated. If you believe that Ellis won (the referee, Harold Valan, the only official, scored it 9-6 but many newsmen had it exactly opposite), he most certainly won it in the 15th and final round. The fight appeared even until that point, but then Ellis, sensing his dangerous position, the screams from his corner piercing his ego, finally stepped out and did what he was supposed to do, did what he is capable of. He had fought a long, hard fight but he reached back for what was left in his hurt body and laid it all on Floyd. He dug a left into Floyd's liver and stayed right on him and in the middle of the round he caught him with a pair of whistling right hands, and Patterson was on his way out, Patterson's eyes stared out

blankly now, pain masking his face, but Ellis could not finish him.

Patterson was in serious trouble other times early in the fight, once in the third round from a left hook and a right hand in close and then again in the fifth from two right hands, one high on the head that seemed to freeze him in mid-air. Yet he escaped what he calls "the black spot," that one flashing moment of instant darkness that has haunted him throughout his career, usually early in a fight, when he seems to be most vulnerable. Over the years he has been knocked down 22 times, eight times by Johansson alone.

The fact that Ellis did not knock Patterson out or even down does not necessarily reveal any inability to punch. Twice after catching Patterson, Ellis appeared to hold him up, refusing to let him drop. A number of things combined to make this fight close. First, Ellis, by his own admission, had underestimated Patterson. Second, Ellis, though he looked extremely sharp in the gym, was constantly worried about his weight, so much so that he did nothing the final two days but sit around eating "like a pig." He weighed in at 198 pounds, much too heavy for his style of fighting. Third, Ellis concentrated entirely too much on his right hand, and too often failed to put punches together. Fourth, Patterson made some rounds look quite close by volleying, with some of his old notable hand speed, in the last minute.

The result is that Ellis' reputation has once again been damaged severely. He shares the splintered heavyweight title with Joe Frazier, Ellis is the World Boxing Association champion and Frazier was made in New York. The two are involved in a battle for public recognition, and Ellis is losing despite the fact that

his record is much more impressive, Ellis needed a big victory over Patterson—say an early knockout—but he came away from this fight with a disputed success that exposes him to discredit.

Floyd has no identity problem. He used to have a few hundred other problems, mostly imagined, while he rusticated in one of his many retreats in upstate New York. He is no longer a factor in the heavyweight division, but he still has a dedicated throng that bleeds with him after each fight. He is to many a classic anti-hero, while still others marvel at his gentleness in such a mean business. When Floyd traded punches with Ellis in the 14th round, Ellis went down slowly, and Floyd, tagged quite well himself, seemed intent on joining Ellis on the floor. It was not a knockdown, the referee ruled, just a slip. Floyd was not aware of the ruling, but there he was—good old Floyd—trying desperately to help Ellis to his feet.

The Swedes, without a doubt, love Patterson and they have all but put a statue of him in Kungsträdgården. They admire his softness, they claim, but one guesses the Swedes understand and share the melancholy he exudes. One of the most advanced societies in the world, the social welfare state of Sweden may be paradise on earth to many, but the people do not seem to be terribly happy—not even the army of drunks who are forever falling off bicycles or stumbling around town. "We think too much," said one Swede. "We sit in the parks all day and think too much."

The Swedes also have a lot of foreign company in the parks these days. Many of the American draft evaders are there and they, too, are doing much thinking. Harold Conrad, the principal promotional figure in this fight and the one who swayed Patterson away from retirement, wanted to give the Americans tickets to the fight, but after a session with his associates in Sports Action he was persuaded that the gesture might be "bad form." It was highly doubtful anyway that the Americans could have been lured away from the park and the hashish.

"Are you interested in the fight?" one was asked.

"Does Patterson or Ellis turn on?" he wanted to know.

"Hardly."

"What do you think of Sweden?" he was then asked.

"No soul," he replied. "That's what we think. The people are nice, but completely spiritless. It makes you sad just being around them."

Floyd Patterson, then, always the wounded introspective, has meaning for the Swedes, but the extreme sympathy for him is really only sympathy for themselves. Floyd does not need sympathy

anymore. He has money and he no longer is, he says, engaged in lonely struggle with himself, no longer the kind of person who could get so tormented that he would have to get out of bed and write his thoughts down or go into the gym at 3 o'clock in the morning and work out. Ahead is a possible acting career and behind him—at long last—is a career that helped him conquer ignorance and a weird childhood, a career that was often shattered and derided, and finally one that was at once sad, unbelievably comic and altogether unreal.

END



In the 14th, after Ellis went down, Patterson seemed intent on helping him back on his feet.

HEDONIST PROPHET OF THE SPARTAN GAME

Bill van Breda Kolff, who will be coaching Wilt Chamberlain this year, loves his beer and a good time, but he is a mighty serious fellow when it comes to pro basketball

by JACK OLSEN



One night last winter in the Forum (not the Roman one nor the Montreal one but the Los Angeles one that looks as though it were made of XXXX sugar and will dissolve in the rainy season) a tall and handsome middle-aged man with something of a hangdog look around his jowls cupped his hands and shouted in a hulhorn voice at one of the bounding referees of professional basketball: "Holy gee whiz, Manny! Darn! What kind of a call was that?"

Manny Sokol, a friendly little guy from New York who tries to see the good in everyone, almost tripped over his shoelaces at this burst of uncharacteristically mild language from Los Angeles Laker Coach Willem Hendrik (Butch) van Breda Kolff. "What in the name of heaven do you call that if it isn't charging?" the coach went on. "Darn you anyway, Manny!" Sokol and his fellow official,

Norm Drucker, kept throwing querulous sideways glances at Van Breda Kolff until at last the coach finished a long string of "Holy mackerels!" and "Gee whizzes!" with a pungent, short-stroke word that is the main underpinning of his vocabulary, and everybody within earshot knew that the evening was back to normal. The nicely nicely Van Breda Kolff was gone; the ex-Marine drill instructor had returned to the Forum.

Butch van Breda Kolff of The Hall School, Princeton, the Los Angeles Lakers and the nearest steam room and saloon is not all that much different from his fellow man. But where the average 20th century American is busy tailoring his own personality to fit the role he is playing, Van Breda Kolff goes his merry way being himself. His brief and unnatural attempt to launder his courtside language (after several complaints) was

exactly that: brief and unnatural. His ordinary lexicon is what might be termed Parris Island helio trope. He never uses a dainty word when a more colorful one will suffice. He salts the air around him and peppers it, and any honest description of his spoken prose must contain many blanks to protect those who have never been in the Marines or in the company of Len Durocher.

And what kind of heart lies underneath that gruff exterior? "A heart of whipped cream," says his wife Florence, also an ex-Marine but one who seems to have traveled in different circles in the corps. "He might hurt a fly, but he'd worry about it for weeks. He went hunting once in his life, and he shot a squirrel, and then he practically broke a leg rushing it to the vet!"

Butch van Breda Kolff, all 6' 3" and 200 pounds of him, is a man contain-



THE MOUTH IS OPEN and the advice pours forth as Los Angeles' Tom Hanks finds out precisely what Coach Van Breda Kolff expects

uously in and out of hot water, and not for the usual reasons. Last year, his first as a professional basketball coach, he ran around saying all the things that other coaches had been saying for years: that the game was poorly officiated, that the grace and finesse was being lost and that most pro players had forgotten grade-school fundamentals of play. The only trouble was, Van Breda Kolff said these things in his normal manner, at the top of his lungs and to anyone who would listen. Some of his comments brought him technical fouls (30 in all, at \$25 each), and one brought a \$250 fine from the commissioner's office.

They also brought Butch van Breda Kolff success. He took what was essentially a two-man team (Elgin Baylor and Jerry West), taught it how to play five-man all-court basketball and whipped and cursed and praised it into second

place in the NBA Western Division, an eminence to which the Los Angeles Lakers had no right whatever to aspire at the beginning of the season. The word at the outset was that the Lakers might barely manage to squeak into the playoffs; prevailed that West and Baylor got through unhurt. Neither did, and Baylor lost precious time in a holdout, and still the team finished second in the NBA finals. How did Van Breda Kolff accomplish this card trick? Partly by letting his players have it right between the eyes when they played badly. Listen to Van Breda Kolff in a time-out huddle during a tough game:

"Do we want to win this game? Do you listen when I say before the game that each man has to check his man? This looks like high school!" He grabs one of the players by both arms. "You were standing here and Clyde Lee was stand-

ing next to you and the ball comes and he taps it in and you're not even in front of him. What the hell do you want me to do? You guys! Do I have to look like an idiot? You guys been playing seven, eight, nine years in the league and you don't even know how to check a man out? Chrissakes! I got freshmen in college that know more than this. Now, damn it, let's start playing a little ball!"

And what is the team reaction to these outbursts that can be heard in the fifth row? Do the Lakers threaten to quit en masse, to take their complaints to the shop steward, to demand the respect to which their salaries and their skills entitle them? No. They simply pull up their socks. As team captain Elgin Baylor says, "He's sitting on the bench. He can judge our play and we can't. And he'll never use one guy as a whipping boy. He's on the whole team. He figures when we lose a ball game we all lose the ball game. And man, we'll go through walls for the guy!"

Says the team's other superstar, Jerry West: "He has a way with people I've never seen before. He can call you a son of a bitch and threaten to belt you during a game, and after the game he's completely forgotten about it. He's the kind of guy I want to play for. Early in the season I just wasn't ready to play, and he got on me, but after the game was over he held no grudge. You've got to like somebody who speaks his mind. In sports, the guys who speak their minds are very few."

One who does is Walt Chamberlain, who joins the Lakers this season. What happens when he and Van Breda Kolff

continued

begin exchanging pieces of mind could, in the view of many, decide the outcome of the NBA championship this season. An educated guess is that neither will change his forceful ways but that an accommodation will be made. Both have been known to be tractable—in times of stress.

Butch van Breda Kolff (pronounced van breda kawf) came to the Linkers as the third most successful active college coach (behind Adolph Rupp of Kentucky and Johnny Wooden of UCLA) with a cumulative record of 307 wins and 109 losses at Lafayette, Hofstra and finally Princeton, where his teams won the Ivy League title four years out of five and in general proved that they could compete with the kids from the housing projects.

"Butch was never a Princeton type," his wife says, "but they seemed to like the way he did things, Ivy or not."

"No," the coach agrees, "I was never Ivy. I was more like a townsie. I chewed tobacco and wore crazy hats, anything to be different, and my friends were cops and bartenders and people like that. I didn't make it on the society scene. I also did a very un-Princeton thing. I flunked out—not once, but twice. That at least ties the track record. All I cared about was sports, competition."

Where the competitive drive came from in Van Breda Kolff's case may have something to do with his father, a Dutch-American stockbroker who played on Holland's 1912 bronze-medal Olympic soccer team. "Every summer we'd go back to The Netherlands on business," Van Breda Kolff recalls, "and there was one spell of five months when I even went to school there. We were well-to-do most of the time, certainly not rich but well-to-do. On Sundays we used to pile into the family's Hispano-Suiza—my mother and father and two sisters and me—and go out to the *zwee garden*, the tea garden, and the older people would sit around and the kids would play games like soccer. My father taught me early that losing wasn't good. Was he strict? He was Dutch, wasn't he?"

To hear Van Breda Kolff tell it, he would never have been admitted to Princeton in the first place if his father had not sent him to The Hill School for a year of preparation. "The Hill School was like a prison," he says. "All we did was play sports and study, so I had pretty good grades and they let me into Prince-

ton, and I didn't do badly in my freshman year. I mean, I passed, but barely. Then I went to school during the summer and brought my grades up, and my sophomore year came around and the day before the soccer season started the coach said, 'You're ineligible!' He explained that at Princeton summer grades didn't count. That didn't seem fair to me and, being a typical spoiled kid, I said the hell with everything and never picked up another book. So I flunked out and went into the Marines."

Even in those years Van Breda Kolff enjoyed the kiss of the hops, and after three years in the corps and reaching the dizzying heights of buck sergeant, heer almost proved his undoing. He came back to the base one night swinging a newly purchased pair of shoes around his head and singing the praises of alcoholic beverages. A shore patrolman asked him for his liberty card, "and when I didn't flash it practically instantly he gave me some lip. I hit him over the head with the shoes and the next thing I knew I was in trouble."

Over in the women's barracks, a pretty radio operator named Sergeant Florence Smith was getting into trouble, too, for unauthorized chattering on the radio circuit, and so it happened that the wedding of the two Cherry Point sergeants came close to being a wedding of two Cherry Point privates.

After the war Van Breda Kolff was allowed a second chance at Princeton and, although he captained the basketball team and was named an All-America center half at soccer, he managed to flunk out again. He went to the New York Knickerbockers where he played three years as a cornerman and took his BA at New York University in physical education. After 11 successful years as basketball coach at Lafayette and Hofstra, he found himself back at Princeton as head basketball coach. The *Princeton Alumni Weekly* noted, "True, Butch isn't like the other head varsity coaches at Princeton. . . . He smokes big stogies and has been known to be downright uncouth. He is plainly a loud, rambunctious guy, something which is a rarity around Princeton's athletic department, and it makes one wonder if there should not be more like him."

Van Breda Kolff cursed at his players, spent much of his time in Joe Fasanella's saloon on Alexander Street, grappled every working-class townsie to

his soul with hoops of steel and in general ignored the landed gentry from the other side of Westcott Road. He also rang up a 103-31 record in five seasons and established Princeton as a national basketball power. At first these successes were attributed to the presence of Bill Bradley, the vanilla young man from Missouri who was the greatest player of his time, but Van Breda Kolff knocked that idea in the head by racking up a 25-3 record two years after Bradley's graduation. Princeton was rated fifth in the country in 1967, the first time an Ivy League team broke into the top 10, and soon thereafter Van Breda Kolff became the first Ivy coach in history to take over a professional team.

Toward the end of his stay at Princeton, Van Breda Kolff was suffering from a plethora of success. "We had to win every game or the rich and the townsies'd get sore," he remembers. Then there was a matter of money. "Not that I care all that much about money," Van Breda Kolff says. "If I were a money man, would I have coached at Princeton? I have a little money put away, and my family's not starving, so I don't worry as much about money as some guys do. But then it becomes a matter of pride. At Princeton I was making \$12,000 a year. The school wasn't on a big-time sports kick, and that's all the job was worth. So one day I say to myself, 'What the hell's the sense of all this? You're breaking your chops!' So I talked the money situation over with Princeton and they told me what my 1968 salary would be: \$13,000. And I said, 'That's it?' and they said, 'That's it!' " Van Breda Kolff decided to leave for Los Angeles, even though he had to come to terms with Jack Kent Cooke, the abrasive little infighter who has bought Southern California and is negotiating for Arizona and Texas and still has the first Canadian nickel he ever made selling encyclopedias to people who could only look at the pictures. "He came up a little in the salary—maybe about double what I was getting at Princeton," said Van Breda Kolff, "and I took the job."

The transition from previous Coach Fred Schaus (now general manager) to Van Breda Kolff was abrupt for the players. West had played under Schaus since leaving high school. Baylor had known other coaches, but not in the last seven years. Schaus was the obverse of Van

continued

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Breda Kolff. His most demonstrative act was a stomp of the foot. "Maybe Fred got a little too easygoing in the last few years," an insider says. "He knew all the players so well, and he relaxed on 'em a little too much. But then in comes this loudmouth college coach who hasn't had a thing to do with the pros in 15 years, and everybody's waiting for the players to gobble him up and spit him out. And what happens? He works their butts off and makes 'em like it. I heard Elgin say under his breath one day, 'If my man keeps pushing me like this I won't last the first game!' And on top of that what does he do? He starts chewing them out! Elgin Baylor? Jerry West? All-Pro players? He calls 'em everything in the book, and they not only take it, they respond to it."

From the beginning, Van Breda Kolff brought a peculiar sort of tight looseness or loose tightness to the basketball team. On fundamentals and team discipline, he was an absolute martinet, but off the court he was relaxed and friendly, the opposite of Schaus, who did not fraternize with his players. "All I really care about in the world is, first, my family, and second, being with the guys, jerking around, kidding, arguing, laughing," Van Breda Kolff says. "Who cares about anything else? You have a few beers and go home and that's it."

Before a game he keeps a steady torrent of chatter and banter going in the dressing room, not as a calculated way of relaxing his team but simply because he enjoys a steady torrent of chatter and banter. He kids, rags, jokes and takes as good as he gives. The walls reverberate to a blend of Halls of Montezuma English intermingled with the lower Mississippi valley constructions that have been brought into the game by Negroes, and Van Breda Kolff is fluent in either tongue.

Thirty minutes before the tap, his whole attitude changes. The opponent is Cincinnati, and there is some doubt that Oscar Robertson will play. "All right!" the coach snaps. "Let's get ready. Let's set down! Let's go! Let's go! Elgin! Archie [Clark]? Come on, Darrall [Imhoff]? I don't know who the hell they're gonna play. Archie, if Oscar plays we'll let Jerry start off on him, and then you take Smitty [Adrian Smith]. Elg, you've got [Jerry] Lucas. If [John] Tresvant starts, then Hawk has him. If [Tom] Van Arsdale plays forward Hawk'll

[Tom Hawkins] have him, if he plays guard Jerry'll have him."

Not a word is said. The room is silent except for Van Breda Kolff's booming voice. The players lean forward to hear, vying with one another to see who can give the sharpest attention. "If Van Arsdale and Oscar are in, well, we'll worry about that when the time comes. I don't really care if Oscar is in. In a way I'd rather have him play, because I think when Oscar plays the rest of you guys get a little more up for the game. And when a guy like Oscar doesn't play everybody figures, aw, [word deleted], Oscar isn't playing and we'll win it easy. And then Smitty gets hot and Lucas starts dropping them and the first thing you know we're losing. One thing: if [Guy] Rodgers plays, they're gonna run, and that means we've got to run with them. You know [Connie] Dierking can run. He's in a whole lot better shape, so you got to come down, you've got to run with them all the time."

"Lucas? Hell, you've played Lucas 100 times anyway, but remember: maybe he'll try and score a little bit more if Oscar doesn't play. Darrall, now you know Dierking's got that little one-handed, so don't go jumping all over the place but really play him fairly tight and he's gonna go to his right anyway if he wants to drive. We gotta keep Dierking down, we gotta keep Smitty down, we gotta keep every guy a little bit below his average, especially if Oscar plays. If Oscar doesn't play, then we play defense anyway. The more we think of defense the better ball club we're gonna be. All right? Here we go!" The players rush out of the dressing room with a yell.

Van Breda Kolff's control of the team is absolute. From the outset of his tenure with the Lakers, he has treated Baylor and West exactly as he has treated the bumpties, which is to say sometimes nicely and sometimes with all the antic gentleness of a guard at the Cummins Prison Farm in Arkansas. One night when Baylor threw a bad pass, Van Breda Kolff chased him into the dressing room hollering at the top of his capacious lungs. "Ten years All-Pro!" he cried, "and you make the dumbest play I've ever seen in my life! You're a—You're a—You're a dum-dum!"

Everyone waited to see what would happen. At last the shoot-down had arrived. High Noon in the dressing room. But there was only silence. Baylor

dressed quietly, and Van Breda Kolff left in high dudgeon. The next day the team flew back to Los Angeles, and the coach was waiting for his luggage when he saw the 6'5" Baylor slide alongside him. "Hey, coach," Baylor said in a half whisper. "Would you mind not calling me dum-dum in front of my teammates? I'm captain, you know."

Van Breda Kolff turned to see if Baylor was serious, and he could see that the big forward was trying to act angry but a smile was forcing its way up from the corners of his mouth, and the two of them laughed out loud at the silliness of it all. Later Baylor said, "Anything that man does, he's right! Why, one night he finds out after a game that I'm a little upset about some things, so he gets into his car and comes out to my house at midnight and we fix some shrimp and talk till 5 in the morning. The next night we play and win, so I guess he knew what he was doing."

The first half against Cincinnati had not gone well, even though the Lakers were slightly ahead. But Oscar Robertson wasn't playing for the Royals, and Van Breda Kolff thought the team should have put the game away already. He sat quietly in the dressing room for a few minutes, and then began talking in a soft voice. "I'm trying to figure out how to describe that first half. Workmanlike isn't quite correct. We weren't sharp, that's about the best way I can think of it. We weren't moving quite well enough, especially in that second quarter. Stumpy [Gail Goodrich], try to stay more in the backcourt and then we can get our movement started. If you cut yourself through when Archie has the ball, then there's no court balance left. Now if Archie wants to throw it to a forward and follow, we have no one in the backcourt and who knows? After you've swept through when you come out you might come right back out into the play again . . . That's just one of the things we were doing wrong in the first half, and it bothers movement. Now I keep saying it till I'm blue in the face, but we have to learn from mistakes! I've already told Darrall about his pass upcut in between two Cincinnati guys to Hawk. Now if we're gonna throw to Hawk, he'd better be out ahead of everybody. Right?"

He goes on for another five minutes, telling each player individually what he

continues

is doing wrong. Then he slips in a few compliments, but compliments at half time are not his style, so quickly he says, "But we're not sharp! Now we've gotta pick ourselves up and be ready to fly in this third quarter. Come on! COME ON!" The Lakers won by 30 points.

It was 15 or 16 years ago at Lafayette that Van Breda Kolff discovered that riding his players produced certain beneficial results, and coincidentally began a successful college coaching career. "I started out with the real gentle attitude," he recalls. "I tried to encourage my players, pat them on the back, tell them not to worry when they made a mistake. Man, they started making the same mistakes over and over. So one day during practice the ball rolled to me and I got so mad I kicked it all the way to the top of the gym. It was rattling around the gardens for about five minutes. And then the ball club started to move. Later a player came to me and said, 'Coach, that's one of the best things you've done since you got here. The guys were beginning to wonder about you.'"

"But people still say to me, 'If a ball-player makes a mistake, don't you think he knows he made a mistake? Do you think a pro player needs somebody yelling at him when he does something wrong?' And I say yes, they do need somebody yelling at them. Even in pros. If you don't climb all over them, they'll make the same mistakes over and over."

At least once in every game Van Breda Kolff will begin a long monologue on the bench, partly for his own benefit, partly for the team's. "Nobody cares," he will say. "Nobody tries. Nobody works together. Nobody looks for the other guy. I don't care. If they don't care, I don't care." Sometimes he calls the team together at half time and says something like, "Look, let me know the next time you guys are gonna play like this. Let me know ahead of time, and then I can sit and relax and we'll all understand that it's a night off for everybody. . . . Let me see the bottom of your shoes! Hmmmm. Where are the nails? Well, what else is holding you down out there? O.K., the hell with you guys! If you want to play that way, I'm gonna relax. I'll just enjoy the game."

Bunch Van Breda Kolff is not the first new coach to come into the league roaring about gunners and superstars and lack of team play and poor fundamentals, nor will he be the last. The prob-

lem is not in recognizing that the star system produces poorer team results but in doing something about it. "These guys are trained to get points and assists, points and assists, and that's what they base next year's salary on," the coach says. "You can explain to them that team play, the five-man offense, will pick them up a little playoff money, but they know where their basic income comes from, and it's the paycheck, and the paycheck varies according to their statistics. That's something I'm trying to do my best to change, but some nights it's right back to the old habits. Elgin'll get the ball and won't give it up. The ball goes up and down in that yo-yo dribble till he gets a chance to score or pass off for a basket. That sets the tone, and Jerry starts the same routine. It was different when we just had the two shooters, but now we've got some other guys and they can shoot, too. One of them says, O.K., and he gets the ball and the defense is all packed in there and he's shuffling back and forth trying to find his way in and maybe he forces a shot and misses, and in the meantime guys like Tom Hawkins never even touch the ball!"

"Now, don't misunderstand, I'm not singing out our guys as the worst offenders, because they're anything but. They're the least selfish professional ball-players around. Why, I saw New York and it was unbelievable all the superstar, one-on-one ball they played. Dick Barnett is a one-on-one ballplayer from the word go, and then it's Cazzie Russell's turn and he forces one up, and then Willis Reed is upset and he's gonna go one-on-one, and then Bellamy gets upset and it's his turn and you have it right down the line. Nobody's gonna pass off except for a basket, because that goes in the stats."

"That's the attitude I'm reusing. I tell the boys, 'Look for each other out there! The only way you can win this game is to play together.' Tom Hawkins is very valuable to us, even though he's not one of our high scorers. He sets more picks than anybody, more than the rest of the club put together. He's a completely unselfish player, although once in a while he gets a wild hair and wants to get points. But not too often."

When Van Breda Kolff's admonitions about passing off and looking for one another and playing a five-man offense are followed to the letter, as they are in perhaps one game out of 10, it can be

an awesome sight indeed. One time last year Van Breda Kolff's teachings dropped into place neatly in a game against the Celtics, and the nationally televised game almost became an embarrassment to watch. The Lakers, moving up and down the court like Peggy Fleming, led 70-40 at half time, extended their lead to 40 points, and finally won by 37. It was the Celtics' worst defeat in two years, and it happened at home, much to the discomfiture of Coach Bill Russell, himself renowned for defense. Later Jack Twyman attributed the rout to "pressure defense," and said it was the first time in his own long career in basketball that he had seen the Boston Celtics unnerve.

But no coach who stresses defense is ever going to find peace and contentment in the National Basketball Association, where offense has become a way of life and scoring proceeds at an average pace of six points per minute, or about two points per yawn. It is not scoring per se that disturbs Van Breda Kolff and many of the other NBA coaches, but the manner of scoring. "You should have seen him in our first 15 games," says Jerry West. "He was beside himself. He just could not accept the fact that the big bulls, as he calls them, would grunt and groan in there and run over our poor little boys and score. He was unbelievable. I asked for combat pay for sitting next to him!"

Van Breda Kolff explains, "I love this game: the movement, the good passing, the movement without the ball, the finesse, cleverness, whatever you want to call it. This is the game I like to teach: the fluid game. And this is the game the fans like to see, too. Fans are sophisticated enough to deserve something more than just pure scoring and bullying around. When do you hear the loudest cheers? It's always over one of two things: a little extra hustle or that real good passing play. Bullying your way in for a layup doesn't impress anybody. People want to see movement, the nice passes underneath, stuff like that. And these pro players are capable of doing all of it, too. They have a rhythm, almost a poetry, some of them. Why, when the pro game is played right, it makes the college game look downright dull."

"Sure, it's true that if they started playing the game the right way, certain successful players would become unsuccessful players. But then you'd find other

guys that can't even make the league now but would be very nice to watch. They have the quickness, the agility, the shooting and the passing and everything else except the muscle. But maybe this poor guy is only 6'5" and 180 pounds, and if you put him up against somebody like Bill Bridges what's he gonna do? They'll just take him to the inside and hulk him to death.

"So often it seems like I'm out there fighting the referee, but I'm not really. It's their philosophy that I'm fighting, the way they make it almost impossible to play defense and yet allow almost anything that makes for baskets. Somebody is telling those referees how to officiate, somebody 'up above.' It's whoever's 'up above' that I'm fighting, and by that I don't necessarily mean Walter Kennedy. He's just a sounding board for the owners. He calls them the way the owners see them. That's his job. But if the owners could just get it into their heads that the game could be a better game.

"When we played in Boston and I met Bill Russell for the first time, right after I'd been fined \$250 for saying things like this, Bill said, 'Welcome to the league. I read what happened. I just want you to know that I agree 100%' with everything you said.' I said, 'Fine, Bill, from now on you say it and you pay the fine.'"

The line followed a column by Robert Markus entitled *This NBA Coach Thinks Pro's Are Bure*. The writer said that Van Breda Kolff feels "the officiating is ridiculous," and immediately the post-office department began to feel an upsurge in gross receipts. Owner Dick Klein of the Chicago Bulls mailed the column an special to Jack Kent Cooke and observed that such remarks "could better be left unsaid, particularly in Chicago where seven pro basketball teams have experienced financial and artistic flops." Commissioner Walter Kennedy dispatched his own air special letter to Van Breda Kolff, in which he said, "It would seem that your good judgment would dictate that you should keep these opinions to yourself, or discuss them with me personally, on your trips to New York."

There were some who suspected that the fine Italian hand of Boston General Manager Red Auerbach might have been behind the fine. But Kennedy made it plain that neither Auerbach nor Klein nor any other front-office figure was the

continued

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gray eminence behind the penalty slapped on Van Breda Kolff, "I'm the person behind the fine," Kennedy said, "and he had it coming to him all the way. Late last summer and early in the exhibition season he was publicly criticizing our officials, and this is against our regulations. I sent him a letter telling him I wanted him to stop. I told him if he had criticism of the referees he should take it to Dolph Schayes, the supervisor of officials. We simply aren't going to have abuse of our officials."

The fine had its effect on Van Breda Kolff, though not necessarily the full impact that Kennedy might have desired. "Nowadays when people ask me certain questions I have to say, 'Look, I answered that question once and it cost me \$250,'" the coach says. "Of course, I haven't changed my mind. I can't change. Sometimes during a game, if Walter Kennedy were there, I'd get that \$500 fine they've been threatening me with. I'd take that \$500 fine. I've got to get some things off my chest. I mean business about this. I do like the pro game. I never in my life told anybody that the pro game was boring, though I might have said certain aspects of it could become boring the way things are going."

As disturbing to Van Breda Kolff as the calls is the trend toward the giant, the man whose shots travel down to the basket, but even before the Lakers landed Chamberlain—or Chamberlain them—he was quick to admit that he is no closer to a solution than anyone else in the league. "What're you gonna do?" he says. "You can't legislate them out of the game. Right now I understand there are 50 seven-footers playing college ball. Some of them'll wind up in the league. One of them certainly will Lew Alcindor. And don't you think the league isn't staying up nights trying to figure out what to do about that? Fact is, nobody will be able to stop Alcindor. He'll turn a losing team into a championship team, you wait and see."

Chamberlain might represent something more than mere capitulation on Van Breda Kolff's part to the bullying game. Even last year the Laker coach was speaking of Chamberlain in a way that made you wonder what sort of a player he would be if he were on the Lakers. "Wilt could do the same as Alcindor," Van Breda Kolff said, "but Wilt is different. If Wilt were mean, nobody could stop him. He can pass well if he

wants to. If he wants to he can play better defense than anybody in the league. If he wanted to he could be two Bill Russells on defense. But Wilt's always been celebrated, he doesn't know the word work. It's not his fault. That's just the way things are with him. But Wilt doesn't fracture the game the way Alcindor will. See, Wilt is a good-natured giant. Alcindor is serious. He's quick, he can run, jump, shoot, he's agile. When a guy like that plays, it's not really fun for the rest, not even for his own teammates."

"So what can you do about it?" I've suggested jokingly that each of the 14 teams in the league should give him \$10,000 a year not to play. We should say, "Here, kid, here's 10 grand from each of us. Get lost! Go to the beach for a few years."

"Boy, that would solve a lot of headaches! Imagine what happens at draft time. There'll be five or six teams trying to finish last so they can draft him! I'm not kidding. You'll see the first nothing-nothing game in league history! It's that important. Alcindor could turn a losing franchise into a winner, at least for a while. The way it looks now, a new franchise team will get him. But is that fair to teams like Chicago, Baltimore, Cincinnati, clubs that lose money or barely break even and live on the hope that a guy like Lew will come along and lead them out of the wilderness?"

"One thing we could do is raise the baskets, and I think it'll come to that. But not too far. Not to 12 feet. That's out of sight. At Tennessee they played an exhibition game with 12-foot baskets and nobody could score. Wound up 40-something to 30-something. They have a 7' center named Boerwinkle and he shot one for 16. My idea is bring the baskets up maybe six inches, to 10½ feet, and then maybe in 15 or 20 years go up to 11 feet, and so on. Just enough to keep the big guys from being all over that ring. And then they could widen and lengthen the court, too, proportionally the game. Twenty years ago the court was 94 by 50 feet and our center was 6' 7". Now the court is exactly the same size and our forwards are 6' 7". There's no room to maneuver, and that's another reason there's so much contact out there and why the game is so hard to referee."

Whether the game does or does not change, it is hard to imagine that there will ever be a different Bill van Breda


Kolff on the bench. There he is—Rangling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey, Mr. District Attorney and The Flying Nun all wrapped into one. When he is not screaming at his players, he is engaged in a permanent program of rehabilitating the referees. He pleads, begs, cajoles, taunts, insults and gesticulates. He gets on his knees and throws his huge hands imploringly into the air, like a supplicant at Lourdes. This is a habit he picked up in the colleges, when in one piqued year the officialdom ruled that any coach who got on his feet would be hit with a technical foul. "How the hell are you gonna spend a whole game without getting off the bench?" Van Breda Kolff says.

When he is angered, which is practically 48 minutes of every game, Bill van Breda Kolff does far more than get down on his knees. He kicks water buckets and ashtrays with fine impartiality, and in Seattle his own players taped a sign, "Please don't kick me!" on an oversized ashtray that he had sent into three different orbits with a single kick earlier in the season. His involvement in the game becomes so intense that he is all but unaware of where he is. One cannot get his attention during a game with a mere tap on the back. It must be a smack, delivered with full force, and even then Van Breda Kolff will say "huh?" about three times before he realizes that someone is trying to ask him something.

Some nights the coach sits in the corner of the dressing room and delivers himself a pregame lecture. "Tonight, you stupid [word deleted] you are going to relax. Relax! You are not going to holler about a single call. You are going to sit back and enjoy the game. Enjoy!" Then he goes out on the court and starts complaining. He estimates that the longest he has gone without jumping a referee was eight minutes, the shortest two minutes. Usually he clips out his complaints: "Charging! Walk! WALK! Three seconds. THREE SECONDS! Aw, for Chrissakes!" Sometimes he delivers long harangues, cupping his hands and aiming his rich baritone voice at the official so that none of the previous words will be missed. "He charged his way down the court, and then you call a foul on us! The defense just gets driven back. How the heck can he play defense if the guy just drives him back! You cannot play defense in this league. You can't play defense!"

continued

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He draws a warning from a young referee ("Listen, I've had enough of you tonight!") and then a technical from the senior man on the floor. "Unbelievable!" Van Breda Kolff says. "Unbelievable refereeing! He was up in the air when you called walking. How can a man walk in the air? First time I've ever seen a man walk in the air!" A few minutes later West is bumped to the floor. "No foul?" Van Breda Kolff shouts. "NO FOUL, you say? He knocked himself down, didn't he?"

But slowly he subsides. The first technical foul of a game is only a \$25 fine, but the second carries with it expulsion from the game. Van Breda Kolff has been thrown out of only one regular-season game, and the experience was so painful that he does not want a repetition. He is aware that he is a bit hard to take at times. "I know that and I understand it, and I don't blame the officials a bit. Some of these guys are away from home for two or three weeks at a time. It's tough. It's one of the toughest jobs going. But some of them are just plain bad, too. You get the impression sometimes that if you didn't have a job and you needed one, you could go to the NBA office and say to them, 'I want to be an official,' and they'd say, 'Here's your shirt and your whistle. You've got to be in Seattle at 8 o'clock tonight!'"

The referees have their scouting reports on coaches, and vice versa. Before a referee calls a technical foul, he usually has convinced himself that the coach is being malicious, being intentionally nasty. One referee explains: "That means you have to know what constitutes malice in each individual coach, am I right? Like Alex Hannum. How do you know when he's being malicious? He's a cheerleader, he's always screaming for his guys. But that isn't malice, and Alex never got many technicals. When he kicked at the floor, then you knew he was trying to be nasty. Or take a guy like Bill Sharman. He complains more than anybody, but it's all out the side of his mouth. All game long you can hear him. 'Aw, c'mon, give me a break, give me a break, you're killing us!' Now what're you gonna do about that? There's 10,000 people there and as far as they're concerned Sharman hasn't said a word. Or you take a guy like Charley Wolfe, used to be at Detroit. The man never cursed; he was a daily communicant. But he'd sit there

continued

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VAN BREDA KOLFF *Continued*

and say, "Three seconds! Three seconds. Three seconds!" and after a while that'd get on your nerves, and finally he'd say, maybe, "Oh, darn," and then you'd know he was being mean and you'd give him a technical!

"Al Bunch is another chirper. chirp chirp chirp all night long, and then he'll jump up and say, 'Jesus Christ!' and head for the water cooler, and when he comes back you've got to give him one. Johnny Kerr, he'll just stand up and give the chair a little backward kick, real quick and graceful, or he'll try to lift up the bench. One night he lifted the bench and there were six players on it.

"Some of them calm down as they get older. That's Richie Guerin, A strange case. He used to be an animal. *An animal!* Now he's one of the best behaved. You almost never give him a T. And you may find this hard to believe, but I think that's the route Van Breda Kolff is going. Why, I saw him in the street in Baltimore the other day and you know what he said? He said, 'Well, there are two different opinions on every call, right? And then he says, 'The only trouble with you [word deleted] guys is you need a raise.' Now how can a guy like that be all bad?"

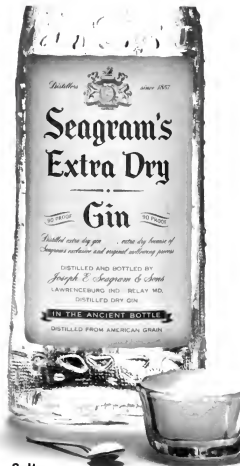
Despite his outspokenness and his refusal to be muzzled and his astute observations about the powers that be, William Hendrik van Breda Kolff is one of basketball's most popular figures. "He doesn't have the word 'no' in his vocabulary when it comes to old friends," Florence Smith van Breda Kolff says, "and then they all have to go out for a beer, and they start reminiscing about the good old days at Lafayette and it's one beer after another and then he comes home and he says, 'I never want to see another beer as long as I live!' But what he really means is he doesn't want to see another beer till he sees another old buddy, which will be the next night and the night after that. He likes to tell me, 'Well, I only drink beer with my friends,' and I say to him, 'Well, Butch, who are your enemies?'"

"He is an absolute hedonist," says one of the Laker functionaries. "He loves steam baths and beer. When the typical NBA coach gets to a new town, he looks for the nearest bar. Bill looks for the nearest steam room. Then he looks for the nearest bar. In Cincinnati they call him Mr. Steam. He thinks nothing of tak-

ing two or three steam baths a day. But he loves life, this man. He's a joyful person. He gets a kick out of every breath of fresh air. And when he's drunk too much beer and smoked too many cigars and done too much hollering and his throat is raw, he quits for a while, and I say to him, "Bill, I guess you're through with drinking and smoking for good, huh?" And he says, "You nuts? I'm just waiting for my throat to get better so I can start up again!" The guys I feel sorry for are the ones that try to keep up with him. He's so big and strong it doesn't bother him, but what about them?"

"Well, isn't the whole idea of life to meet your responsibilities and enjoy yourself?" says Van Breda Kolff. "Too many of these coaches around the league don't seem to be having any fun. I look at them. They sit there on the bench and look like they're slowly dying. They've all got pretty good personalities, but they're all a little odd in their own ways, too, or they'd be in other jobs. Look at all the concentration that's involved, the intensity, and it lasts for 10, 11 months, counting practice and all. A coach has to be a little weird to take all that. I tell you, one of the toughest things about it is the sheer length. We used to play 25 games in college, but now it's up to 82 games in the pros plus exhibitions plus playoffs and you've got to be up for every one of them. And I'm wringing wet after every game. I don't care if we win by 50, I'm still a wreck, and I'm off to the nearest saloon as quick as I can get there. I can't imagine a coach not having a few beers after a game. To me, that would be the weirdest thing of all!"

The pro game began to reach Van Breda Kolff at the end of last season. "It was the first time I'd ever been tired since I started coaching," Van Breda Kolff said, sipping at a beer and slouching down in his seat. "Half the time you're on the road like a traveling sales man. You wake up in the middle of the night and you say, 'Where am I? Do we have to catch a plane?' Is the switchboard about to call?" And then I wake up and look at my watch and it's 5 in the morning. I worry some more and the next time I look at my watch it's 6, and then it's 7, and five minutes before the operator's due to call me I fall into a deep sleep. I'm 48 years old now, I was 45 when last season started." **END**



Salt.
This week's perfect martini secret.

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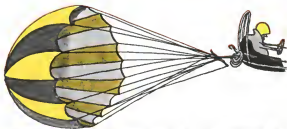
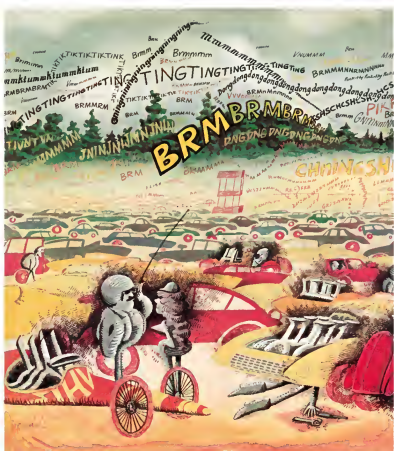
Seagram's. The perfect martini gin.



Esthetics (says Roth) are important, anything that stands still is painted, decaled and waxed. It is an Uffizi Gallery with chrome and hair.

Dragging men and their machines blend into one personality as they crouch at the straightaway, ready for a noisy run to fame and glory.







As the machines rev up—and they are forever revving up—the roar of power rises throughout the land so vividly that one can (well, Roth can) see it. At left, a rail drag driver shows how to overshoot the chute.







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Down in the hollow our neighbors share credit for the smooth sippin' taste of Jack Daniel's. From them, you see, comes fine grain to flavor our whiskey. And hard maple charcoal that mellows its taste. Year after year our friends bring us only their best. So when they need a favor (like borrowing our weighing scales) you can be sure we're quick to oblige. After a sip of our whiskey, we believe, you'll be glad things are so neighborly here in Moore County.



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This is the American drag dream—the bad guys have lost, and the good guy kavooms off into the sunset with glory, trophies and the prettiest girl race fan in the tightest pants.

The biggest It's only right.



should do more.

In this age of skepticism, when you say to people, "We do more," they tend to put their tongues in their cheeks and roll their eyes skyward.

Perhaps this is because people have come to suspect that saying you do more in ads and actually doing more can be horses of different colors.

At the risk of provoking further skepticism, we'd like to say here and now we do more.

We don't ask your undying gratitude for this. After all, since we got to be the biggest on your money it's only right that we should give some of it back in good service.

In that light, we've listed here some of the things we do more of.

Our car's better than your car.

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And two, if there is a question about how a car is running we tell our people not to give you the car. We think if you have to be disappointed you should be disappointed at the counter—not on the road.

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It's hard to go anywhere in this world without being near a Coke machine or a Hertz counter.

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A fact, which you can start appreciating right now, is that you can rent a Hertz car in one city and drop it off in virtually any other city in the United States. And between over 50 major cities, you can rent a Ford sedan in one and drop it off in another and you won't get

hit with a drop-off charge. (If you want to know what we call a major city, call any Hertz office.)

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If you're in Des Moines and you want to reserve a car in, say, San Francisco or New York, you don't have to call San Francisco or New York. All you have to do is call your local Hertz office and we'll reserve a car for you at any one of our offices anywhere in the world.

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Behind every smile, a brain.

Good Hertz girls are made not born. They're also good for more than handing out keys.

We put them through a most exhaustive (they claim the most exhaustive) training program in the business.

And when they're through, our girls can help you with everything from figuring out the lowest possible rate for the time you're going to be using the car—to the fastest way back to the airport during rush hours.



Man cannot live by four-door Fords alone.

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Hard-tops, convertibles and station wagons. Mustangs, Mercurys, Thunderbirds, Continentals and even some \$8,000 Mark II's.

And if you're in the mood to rent something your wife may never let you own, you may want to try a Shelby Cobra or a Mercury Cougar XR7-4i.

The A. S. P. C. R. (American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Car Renters).

We've said it before: traveling for a living is no way to live.

Since more than half of our business comes from men who travel on business, we don't think it's going to kill us to help out where and when we can.

If, for example, you know where you're going but aren't too sure how to get there, tell the Hertz girl. She'll give you specially made maps on how to get around the city. And if you're no Daniel Boone at reading maps she'll even diagram them for you.

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After all, we couldn't in all conscience claim to do more if we only paid attention to the car the man rents and ignored the man who rents the car.



Mr. Nerud's everything horse

By winning the U.N. Handicap after setting the mile record, Dr. Fager went a long way toward justifying the claims of his exuberant trainer

Relaxing in the back seat of his chauffeur-driven black Lincoln Continental, 55-year-old John Nerud carefully stroked his graying hair and then toyed for a moment with a new putter that he hopes will improve his nothing-to-brag-about golf game. From the car he could see a big, handsome bay colt grazing by the side of his Belmont Park barn and Nerud's eyes twinkled as he started talking about his favorite subject. "He must be better than anything we've seen for a long time, because he's done the impossible so often. You just don't see many horses like this. He's *everything*. He can sprint, run on grass and go a mile and a quarter. I imagine if I sent him over to England to try the jumps of the Grand National, he'd probably win that, too! But as far as I'm concerned, without taking another step he's Horse of the Year right now."

The object of Nerud's adoration was W. L. McKnight's Dr. Fager, and even if you prefer not to believe every superlative of a hardly disinterested trainer, the Doc really is something of a wonder horse. Aside from his astounding three-year record of consistency—he has won 17 of 21 starts and \$965,592—Dr. Fager's two latest feats, races taking place within 19 days on tracks more than 700 miles apart, are enough to stamp him as a rare champion in a lot of other books besides Nerud's. On August 24 at Chicago's Arlington Park he broke Buckpasser's world record for the mile, and last week at Atlantic City he raced over turf for the first time in his life to win the United Nations Handicap, beating the best grass runners in the U.S.

Merely winning the two races is one thing, but the way he did it is quite another. Buckpasser set the record as a 3-year-old, carrying 125 pounds in 1:32½. The 4-year-old Doc went to the post with 134 pounds and won by 10 lengths

in 1:32½. Two weeks later Nerud accepted an invitation to the mile-and-½ United Nations in which top-weighted Dr. Fager would again carry 134 pounds. Last year's winner, Flit-To, was in at 115, while Fort Marcy, despite having beaten Damascus at equal weights in the mile-and-a-half Washington, D.C. International, got in at only 118. Damascus was invited to run at Atlantic City, too, at 134 pounds, but he was sent to Detroit, where, carrying 133, he was second to Nodouble (111) in the Michigan Mile and One-Eighth.

At the weights, the United Nations was anything but a pushover for Dr. Fager. Last season both Buckpasser and Damascus had faltered in major turf efforts, but Nerud wanted to prove conclusively that a champion could beat the best on any kind of surface, even if he had never raced on it before. Rain at Atlantic City the night before the U.N.

Handicap dampened the turf somewhat, and although it was labeled firm by post time, it was deeper and softer than Nerud preferred, and he had some misgivings. "Shucks, they built this race around Dr. Fager, and I couldn't scratch," he said. "When they build publicity around you, you have to run. I'll put on some sort of turf stickers to keep my horse from sliding sideways. Still, a big horse like he is is going to take the worst of it in this going. And 134 pounds is hard to pull out of these."

At the break, the United Nations instantly became a duel between Dr. Fager and Advocate (112 pounds) who, like most sons of former grass champion Round Table, seems to handle turf with singular ease. The Australian Tobin Bronze (118 pounds) took up third place, while reigning grass champ Fort Marcy was not far behind. Going by the stands the first time, Dr. Fager lacked some of his flawlessly smooth action, and both Nerud and Jockey Braulio Baeza knew immediately that he was not taking well to the grass. Since he wasn't as quick as he normally is, Baeza had no trouble rating him, for a change. Almost in tandem, he and Advocate went through the first half mile in 48½, the six furlongs in 1:12½ and the mile in 1:36½. Turning for home, still head and head with Advocate, Dr. Fager might have been expected to take off and leave his foes behind. But the weight was telling.



TWO-HORSE RACE develops immediately in the U.N. Handicap as Dr. Fager (6) and Advocate (1) battle for the lead right after the break. Tobin Bronze, third here, finished fourth.

the surface was unfamiliar, *Advocator* wasn't giving up, and suddenly here came *Fort Marcy* to challenge. *Fort Marcy's* trainer, Elliott Burch, had told Jockey Jorge Velasquez to wait as long as possible and then go to the outside in the stretch run. Velasquez did everything right until the stretch turn. Then he drove for the inside, hoping to get through because he expected *Advocator* to drift out. But Ladell Pincoy Jr. on *Advocator* did not let *Fort Marcy* through on the hedge, and that killed off any chance for victory by Burch's hard-luck gelding. It was the second year in a row he would finish third after questionable riding tactics had been employed by Velasquez.

In the stretch, Dr. Fager and *Advocator* continued to battle. Once Dr. Fager gave up the lead, but then, calling on an apparently limitless source of courage, he came back to win by a neck in the very good time of 1:55 1/2. "He must have run as good as he ever ran in his life," said a relieved Johnny Nerud afterward. "You just don't go around giving the grass horse of the year 16 pounds and then beating him your first time on turf."

Dr. Fager will probably have a few more races before his retirement this fall, but another run on grass is unlikely. This means there will be no meeting with *Damascus* in the Man o' War or the Washington, D.C. International, and also that the only likelihood of a meeting is in the September 28 Woodward at Belmont. They have split four victories in the last two years, and with the aid of his stablemate *Hedevan*, *Damascus* beat both *Buckpasser* and Dr. Fager in last year's Woodward.

"I don't want to talk about *Damascus*," said Nerud, "because everyone knows his trainer, Frank Whiteley, has never beat me except with two horses. There's no one horse in the world that can beat Dr. Fager. Now they talk about a match race. I don't consider a match race fair because nobody has any chance against Dr. Fager. I say if you want a championship race, let some track pick the three or four best horses in the country, regardless of age or sex, put up a big purse and let the winner take all. That's how you'll find your champion—the best horse beating all the rest best."

Nerud grinned at the thought of such a race. There was obviously no question at all in his mind about its outcome.

END

Phone charts



Over an ordinary phone,
the one on your desk. And a Xerox Telecopier. Read on...

If you know a good joke, tell it to Philadelphia

With an owner who is in bankruptcy court, a coach who is ridiculed by the press and the fans and a quarterback who broke his leg in the first exhibition game, the poor Eagles are in need of a few laughs

A few hours before he had to send his Philadelphia Eagles against the Packers in Green Bay last weekend—an almost sure way to start the new season looking up from the bottom of the standings—Coach Joe Kuharich was trying to reassure himself and anyone else who would listen. “I was reminding the boys that in the opener four years ago we were big underdogs against the New York Giants, too, and we only beat them 38-7,” Kuharich said, nervously sliding his glasses up and

down in his breast pocket. “So don’t be surprised what happens out there. Just don’t be surprised.”

Nobody was. Playing with a precision that made it appear to be an easy afternoon’s work, Bart Starr completed 14 of 18 passes and the Packers beat the Eagles 30-13, exactly matching the pregame spread. The Eagles’ frustration was typified by an incident at the end of the first half. Philadelphia was lined up to kick a field goal when the gun went off. According to the referee, nobody had remembered to tell him that the Eagles wanted a time-out.

Bad luck, injuries and errors tracked the Eagles all last season, and they are still hanging around. That this year might be as unpleasant as last was evident almost as soon as the team showed up in training camp. On the first play of the first Philadelphia exhibition game, Quarterback Norm Snead called a play that starts as an end run by Izzy Lang but winds up as a pass. Lang took the ball from Snead and threw the pass, which was intercepted. Snead turned back quickly as if to make the tackle. Without having been touched, he was suddenly on the ground with a broken left leg, his cleats having caught in the turf. “What a dastardly event,” Kuharich says. “What an awful tragedy that was. In practice Snead had moved our offense down the field every time. He’s a great leader with a terrific arm. He’s one of the top four quarterbacks in the league in my opinion, and he was gone without a blow being struck him. But you have to learn to live with these things.”

Losing Snead for the entire exhibition season and at least three or four league games was even more of a misfortune to Kuharich than it may seem. To replace Snead the Eagles had only veteran King Hill, who had reported to camp at a ponderous 230 pounds, and John Huarte, who had failed in earlier

attempts with New York and Boston of the AFL. So while Hill shed considerable weight and divided playing time with Huarte, Kuharich tried to maintain a reasonably satisfied air in view of the fact that his offense had been deprived of its most important ingredient.

“Huarte has had a lot of good training [working behind Joe Namath and Babe Parilli], and where could we have got a college guy with all that knowledge?” says Kuharich. “He’s a strong-armed kid. King Hill has been around and knows what’s going on. Football is not a game you play strictly with individuals anyhow. In baseball, when Mackey Mantle is up to bat, the other eight guys on his club might as well be asleep unless they’re on base, because it all comes down to does he hit the ball or doesn’t he. But when a quarterback goes back to pass—I don’t care if he’s Untas or who he is—he’s got to have a bunch of other guys out there working in his behalf or he’s nothing.”

However, there is still more to it in the case of Snead. One of Kuharich’s major trades, among many, occurred in the off season of 1964 when he sent Sonny Jurgensen and Jimmy Carr to Washington for Snead and Claude Crabbs. Jurgensen is perhaps the best pure passer in the NFL. Kuharich has not been allowed to forget that trade. Nor does he wish to, he says.

“My kid is only 29. He’ll be around this league for a long time after the other guy is finished,” says Kuharich.

There were reports that Kuharich had traded Jurgensen, Tommy McDonald and a few others to break up cliques that grew among the Eagles after their championship year of 1960. “I don’t know about cliques, but look at it this way,” Kuharich says. “When we make a trade, we think about it first. We weigh all the factors and do what we think is best for the team. Every player has positives and negatives.



KUHARICH IS "RARE BUT NOT UNUSUAL"

"Some of them are fringe areas that don't have to do with anyone's ability. Maybe one guy is not so hot but is good for the team, and another guy is great but not so hot for the team. Then you have to figure what you need and what the other clubs need. You don't give nothing for something very often. All right, so we traded Lee Roy Caffey to the Packers, and in the deal, through a traded No. 1 draft choice, they got Donny Anderson. So we got four good seasons from Jim Rango and we got a good back we needed in Earl Gros. We traded J. D. Smith to Detroit because they needed an offensive tackle. For that we got Floyd Peters, who has been to the Pro Bowl three times for us, and we got some good years from Ollie Matson, and Detroit hardly got anything from Smith. That doesn't make Detroit stupid. You're never really positive how a trade is going to come out. But some people try to make it sound like all our trades are made by some nitwit."

If Kuharch seems a bit touchy about his trades and about his team, it is because almost any day of the week he can blister his fingers by picking up the Philadelphia newspapers to read the stories about the Eagles. He has been the head coach for the San Francisco 49ers, the Chicago Cardinals and the Washington Redskins, as well as for Notre Dame in a different league, but he has seldom encountered the opposition in print that he has met since he arrived in Philadelphia.

The situation began in 1960, the year the Eagles won the NFL championship under Norm Van Brocklin. When Coach Buck Shaw, a gentlemanly fellow, announced his retirement at the end of the season, Van Brocklin was in favor of the idea and declared that if he were named in Shaw's place he would fire Vince McNally and the rest of the Eagles' front office. McNally, however, was general manager of the Eagles and preferred to keep the job. So McNally brought in Nick Skorich as coach. The Eagles had a 10-4 season in 1961 and then won only five of their next 28 league games.

Before the 1964 season the franchise was sold to Jerry Wolman, a young businessman and sports nut who for a while seemed to be trying to buy the United States. Wolman began hunting for a coach. Naturally, the name most

continued

Phone drawings



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often suggested in Philadelphia was that of Van Brocklin, who was then coaching at Minnesota and had done well with an expansion club. Over a period of several months Wolman interviewed nearly 20 candidates. One was Kuharch, who was working in the NFL office. When Kuharch was hired, the rumor spread that accepting him as coach had been a condition of Wolman receiving the franchise. That rumor was based on nothing more than that Kuharch is a friend of NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle.

"I didn't apply for the job," says Kuharch. "The first couple of times I talked to Wolman I thought he was just asking my advice because I had been in the league office and knew the coaches and players pretty well. I understood there was a lot of pressure to hire this certain person as coach. But then Wolman said he wanted me. So what am I supposed to do? I took it and started renovating the team. A team that had won five

games in two years needed plenty of renovating."

Under Kuharch the Eagles were 6-8 in 1964, 5-9 in 1965, 9-5 in 1966 and 6-7-1 last season, when they finished second in their division behind Dallas. But Kuharch's relationship with the Philadelphia press, and consequently with the fans, has fluctuated between poor and atrocious. There were cries of outrage when Wolman gave Kuharch a 15-year contract as general manager of the Eagles. Last spring Coach Kuharch's contract expired, but General Manager Kuharch took care of that by rehiring his favorite football mad. The simple elegance of that maneuver drummed up a thunder of complaint from members of the Get Rid of Kuharch Club, which had hired an airplane to fly over Franklin Field in December trailing a sign that said "Goodbye, Joe Baby." Not that Kuharch cared. The club has only 500 members, and he can keep reinstating himself as coach until 1978.

That allows Kuharch plenty of time to polish up new *non squawks*, of which he is an acknowledged master. Talking to his kicker, Sam Baker, in the lobby of a Green Bay hotel the night before the Packer game, Kuharch used one of his favorites. "Sam," he said, "that is a horse of a different fire department." Once Kuharch was asked whether it was difficult to trade for a first-rate quarterback. Kuharch delivered a 10-minute oration on the subject and ended by saying "So you see, gentlemen, trading for a good quarterback is quite rare but not unusual."

Kuharch's flair for using semantics as a trampoline has aroused the Philadelphia press to attacks that edge up to hysteria. "Those guys got their job to do. They can say what they please," says Kuharch. "The thing is, they all think they're critics. They can't tell you who won or lost without getting the score wrong, but they love to pretend they're experts. When Gene Mauch got let out as manager of the Phillies, they congratulated themselves for helping to get him fired. When we beat Dallas last year, they wrote long stories about what we did wrong. But when I give the noodle back to them, they can't take it. So I don't spend too much time with them. What's the use of spending an hour with guys who don't know what you're talking about?"

Wolman has been Kuharch's patron through all these petty conflicts. He has defended Kuharch to the point of getting into fistfights with fans in the stands. "Joe Kuharch is a different man than you or I," Wolman says. "We have our ups and downs. But nothing ever happens that will affect Joe's thinking." Wolman has been generous to Kuharch and his staff. However, that generosity could be forced to stop. There is a chance that Wolman might lose his franchise.

The problem lies in the dizzy realms of finance, although the basic part of it is easy enough to understand. Wolman owes more money than he's got, and his creditors are threatening to collect. The trouble started when Wolman took a \$5 million beating on a 100-story office building in Chicago. He became trapped in a tight-money market. His creditors claim he owes some \$35 million, including \$90,000 each to the Cleveland Browns and Pittsburgh Steelers for visiting-team guarantees from games played last season.

Attempting to avoid bankruptcy, Wolman and his attorneys have invented several plans that would protect the 52%; he owns of the Eagles. Morgan Guaranty Trust of New York loaned Wolman \$6 million with 100% of the Eagle stock as collateral. The latest plan calls for the Yellow Cab companies of Philadelphia and Camden, N.J., the Spectrum Sports Arena, Connie Mack Stadium and other of Wolman's holdings to be used to pay off Morgan Guaranty and other debts and buy up the remaining 48% of the Eagles' stock, which would then be used as collateral for a new loan. The Philadelphia franchise earned more than \$840,000 in each of the past two years, but the profit vanished in loans to Wolman and severance pay for former Vice-President Ed Snider, fired with 12 years remaining on his contract.

Whether Wolman keeps the franchise or not, his friend Kuharch cannot lose. Kuharch's contract is with the Philadelphia Eagles Football Club, Inc. at \$60,000 per year no matter who owns the club. With that sort of backing, Kuharch can afford a little bad luck on the field. As Kuharch says, "You win some, you lose some, and some you teeter-totter." If the Eagles can manage to teeter-totter in even half their games this season, they will be lucky. **END**



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THE REEL LIFE OF BOBBY JONES



The rarest golf films ever made are 18 classic shorts of Bobby Jones instruction—only one set still exists—in which an astonishing cast of Hollywood celebrities took part. Completely unrehearsed and often ad-libbed to the point that their slapstick plots were a shambles, these 10-minute serials included such bizarre scenes as W. C. Fields lazily juggling golf balls for Warner Oland, Jones and Bill Davidson

BY ROBERT CALDWELL



It is a bright, still morning on the well-kept grounds of the Bel-Air Country Club. We see the famous golf champion, Bobby Jones, moving over the fairway. A mysterious stranger trudges awkwardly a little behind him. Could it be Dr. Fu Manchu? Yes, it is he—the sinister Oriental villain of *The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu*, with his long, downward-sloping mustache and expression of inscrutable evil, though now he appears somewhat ill at ease because he is carrying a golf club instead of his opium pipe.

Bobby Jones leads the way to an undulating grassy area bordered by huge oak trees. Birds are singing. It looks like the beginning of a pretty good mystery movie. But Jones merely selects a golf club. It turns out that he is teaching Dr. Fu Manchu how to play golf, and in this episode he is demonstrating the right way to hold the club. Jones takes a flawless swing and the ball jets off into the sunny distance as though it were carrying an urgent message to the green. Dr. Fu Manchu looks unhappy.

Meanwhile, off in the woods a short distance away is one William Claude Dukinfield, better known as W. C. Fields. He has been attempting to improve his pathetic golf game while far from observation. Fields stares in astonishment at the flight of Jones's ball. "Land o' Goshen," he says. Sound films had only recently come in, and Hollywood moviemakers could not resist the opportunity to have actors speak lines of deep significance. Jones now sees Fields in the shrubbery and hurries toward him, greeting him with warmth, only to have Fields say he has decided to give up golf after watching Jones's drive.

"Oh, you can't do that, Bill," Jones says, and Fields, Dr. Fu Manchu and Jones sit down to talk it over. In a moment Fields begins to juggle golf balls. After he has three of them flying through the air he reverses their flight in a sort of syncopated pattern, meanwhile complaining that his golf game never improves.

"You do that pretty well," says Jones, staring at Fields in astonishment.

"Well, I've devoted a lot of time to it," says Fields, in his nasal drawl, which prompts Jones to suggest that devoting time to golf might improve his game. At last Fields

takes a swing at a ball so that Jones can give him some pointers. He waggles one knee, jugs the club in an agitated fashion, then suddenly crashes it downward as though driving a stake into the ground.

Fields looks crestfallen when the ball hops only a few feet away, and Dr. Fu Manchu smirks evilly. "The immediate cause of your troubles, Bill," Jones says in a kind and professional fashion, "is the way in which you swing the club through . . ."

All of this really happened, insofar as anything that happens in front of the cameras in Hollywood can be said to be real. For several months in 1931 and 1933 Bobby Jones was a familiar and popular figure in Hollywood, where he filmed 18 reels on the fundamentals of golf. These movies are now unobtainable—only one copy is known to exist—and almost forgotten, though they were perhaps the best motion-picture instructional ever made of any sport.

The films certainly had the most celebrated cast of any short subjects ever produced. Appearing in the 18 reels and playing inept golfers—an easy role for most of them—were Fields, who had recently starred in *Tillie's Punctured Romance*, Warner Oland, the Swedish-born star of the Fu Manchu and Charlie Chan movies, James Cagney, one of the new box-office attractions in Hollywood after the success of *Sinner's Holiday*, Edward G. Robinson, Cagney's main popularity rival because of *Little Caesar*, Loretta Young, 23 years old and a delightfully spontaneous girl noted for such features as *Loose Ankles*, Walter Huston, a distinguished actor on the legitimate stage, Leon Errol, the superb rubber-legged comic who had come West from the Ziegfeld Follies, Richard Barthelmess, Frank Craven, Louise Fazenda, Joan Blondell, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Richard Arlen, Claude Gillingwater, Joe E. Brown, Warren William, Guy Kibbee, Glenda Farrell, Charles Winninger, Evalyn Knapp, Zelma O'Neal, Huntley Gordon, William Davidson, Harold Goodwin, John Halliday and a large collection of since-forgotten child stars, butlers, show girls and cowboy actors who were merely extras and bit players in the superproduction that Hollywood made of the Bobby Jones golf *continued*

BOBBY JONES

continued

instructionals. All of these stars worked in the Jones films for nothing. "We had a wonderful time," recalls Director George Marshall. "The top actors and actresses donated their time. All the stars were eager to take part. It was a privilege to have Jones work on their game."

"Did I enjoy it?" says Jones. "Hell yes. I'll never forget it. There was a story line in each episode, but we didn't have a script—they made it up as we went along. The plots wound up at the end of each 10-minute short, and there was a lot of horseplay and comedy, with the instructional business woven in."

Warner Bros., who produced the series, had its artists under contract, and in the first episodes they were the only ones to appear. But presently the stars of other studios began to get releases from their companies so that they could play golf with Jones, too.

The actors all took the sort of roles in the golf instructional that moviegoers of the time were accustomed to seeing them play in their feature appearances: Cagney and Robinson were Chicago-gangster types inexplicably interested in golf; Oland as Fu Manchu looked like that untrustworthy Oriental somehow transported to a golf course; Walter Huston, who had recently starred in *Abraham Lincoln* and who in fact looked somewhat like Lincoln, took part in the lesson on the use of the nubbick with an earnest and rather melancholy air, which led to the startling illusion that Honest Abe had been trying the game for a few score and 20 years without much success. Improvised, unstudied, casual, the episodes suggested in part the spur-of-the-moment lunacy of a Mack Sennett comedy. But only in part, for Jones's interesting demonstrations

of how golf should be played, coupled with the expert performances of actors and actresses at the peak of their careers, resulted in smooth productions.

To understand how such a series could have come about, it is necessary to appreciate the role that Jones himself played in the American scene at the time. By 1931 he had become more like the hero of a Hollywood movie than any sports figure in memory. He was 29 years old, handsome and self-possessed. He was an extraordinary golfer, but also a popular idol and a living symbol of the ideal sportsman. He suggested the hero of an F. Scott Fitzgerald novel—one of those high-spirited and engaging characters Fitzgerald liked to write about who knew everyone and went everywhere. When Jones reached New York after winning the British Open in 1926 the welcome given him was greater than that given General Pershing at the end of World War I. He was marched up Broadway amid rebel yells and flying confetti and ticker tape, with bands playing *Glory, Glory to Old Georgia*. "Nothing like yesterday's demonstration ever took place in the realm of sport," wrote one enthusiastic New York newspaperman the next day.

Senators joined in the praise of Jones, adding a certain class to the proceedings that Hollywood's image-conscious moviemakers often found lacking in their own publicity. Senator George of Georgia wound up a speech on Bobby's golfing triumphs by saying solemnly, "He has represented the very best in our life." Eminent public figures never said such things about movie stars lounging around their yachts and swimming pools. Moreover, Jones managed to retain his natural, matter-of-fact air, which was even more surprising in Hollywood's eyes. He retired near the end of 1930 after his wondrous Grand Slam, winning the British Open, British Amateur, U.S. Open and U.S. Amateur championships in the same year. He lived quietly with his wife and three children in Atlanta, where, as the son of a distinguished lawyer, his position would have been assured had he never won a golf match. He was practicing law and had recently argued his first case before a federal judge.

Hollywood decided it had to have Jones, and George Marshall, the reliable craftsman who could be depended on to come up with a picture no matter what the story or the cast, was dispatched to Atlanta to settle the details with Bobby. A thin, nervous, enthusiastic man, Marshall was well known for having made Mack Sennett comedies. Those were the days of serials like *The Perils of Pauline*, for which directors invented each sequence as they went along and continued to have every episode end with such suspense that moviegoers had to go back the next week to see how it all turned out.

In this venture, Marshall had an advantage over other directors of the time—he could play golf. He was a low-handicapper at the Lakeside Golf Club (a three or an

continued



Loretta Young was eloping until her father (Claude Gillingwater) caught her, but a golf shot saved the romance.



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BOBBY JONES

continued

eight depending on which publicity release you read). Probably with *The Perils of Pauline* fresh in his mind, he visualized a series of short films that would be so compelling the moviegoer would have to come back next week to continue his golf lesson with Jones. Eventually, he hired O. B. Keeler, the Atlanta newspaperman, ghostwriter and golf authority who became Jones's Boswell, to narrate the series and provide for the end of each reel the stenorian announcement: "Watch for the next episode of Bobby Jones's *How I Play Golf* coming soon to your theater!"

An agreement was worked out with Jones calling for him to receive \$101,000 for *How I Play Golf* (the money went into a trust fund for his children, with his father as trustee) and soon he boarded a train for the four-day trip to Los Angeles. He was ready for work almost immediately upon arrival, and early on the first Monday morning of his stay he appeared at Flintridge Country Club, along with the attendant celebrities, camera crews, electricians and George Marshall, who was overseeing all. Flintridge was used for most of the shooting because it was more remote and not so well known as Lakeside, and it was felt that less of a crowd would be likely to gather to bother Jones or make him self-conscious. But, as it turned out, Jones was probably the most assured man involved in the venture. Any difficulty that arose came not from movie fans gawking at stars, but from movie stars gawking at Jones.

The first episode was to deal with the putter. "Bobby's idea," remembers Marshall, "was to start with the putter and work up through the short irons to the long shots." Jones did not want the series to be a pretentious lecture on how golf should be played. It was he who chose the title—*How I Play Golf*—to avoid any notion that there was some one way to play or some formula to use. "While I am trying to explain the methods which I employ in playing various shots," he said in his summation for the series, "I do not mean to insist that these methods are the only ones, or even that they are the best. But I do think there are certain fundamentals which are the same for all golfers, and in making my explanations I have tried to separate these fundamentals from mannerisms that might be peculiar to my own individual style. The average golfer is not interested in winning championships. The chief benefits of the game for him must be recreation and the companionship of congenial friends. But I've always thought that if the game was worth playing at all it was worth making some effort to play correctly."

The first scene of the series began well. Jones was filmed on the practice tee. He made a few shots with his effortless swing and then said, "Well, I guess that's enough for today." He had a pleasant, unstrained voice and the stage presence of someone who had been accustomed for a long time to being in the public eye. "Jones's voice records perfectly," exulted *Film Daily*.



In an opening scene golf woes have driven Guy Kibbee to the breaking point but, happily, he meets Jones.

At this point in the film Jones was greeted by Tol'able David, otherwise Richard Barthelmess, in those days still a highly important Hollywood figure. The movie colony, awed by having the world's best golfer and a friend of the Prince of Wales with it, was trying to make Jones welcome by bringing forward its most distinguished members first Barthelmess, who went directly into the movies while he was in his third year at Trinity College in Hartford, Conn., was considered a man of the world, well educated and widely traveled. His frail features and his expression of stricken pathos made him a star in such early D. W. Griffith silent classics as *Broken Blossoms* and *Way Down East*, but it was *Tol'able David*, in which he played a wistful mountain boy, hair growing over his ears and trousers upheld by one suspender, that fixed his image in the minds of the American public and made him one of the most valuable of all film properties. Sound films did him no good, and he was now playing character parts—villains, as a rule, in a remarkable change from his previous embodiments of masculine virtue—though he was still a box-office attraction.

"Want some laughs?" Tol'able David says to Jones.

It appears that Joe E. Brown and Frank Craven are playing golf. They approach slowly, both uncommonly awkward, and hardly the congenial companions whose friendship could be called one of the virtues of the game. Brown is nattily attired in white knickers and checked socks; Craven wears an old hat, rumpled trousers and is smoking a pipe. Both were relative newcomers to Hollywood. Craven was type-cast as the homespun philosopher he later

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BOBBY JONES

continued

played for years in *Our Town*. He was a stage star and a playwright, and he could also play golf, in fact, one of his early stage successes was *The Nineteenth Hole*, which he wrote and in which he starred. As for Brown, he was a slapstick comedian with a wide mouth and highly mobile features whose ability to change his expression in an instant from elation to tearful self-pity made him an ideal choice to play the role of a golfer whose ball was generally in the rough. But being a former circus acrobat and professional baseball player, he was not as unathletic as he seemed.

With Jones and Barthelmess looking on, Brown yells at Craven, "Don't tell me how to hold my club!"

"I am not telling you how to hold your club," Craven says with dignity.

"If I take any lessons, we've got a pro here!"

"Will you please keep quiet," Craven says, with as much hauteur as his pipe and his awkward stance will permit, "until after I make this shot?"

And so it goes. Craven swings at the ball, and it lands near the cup. "If you fell in a creek you'd come out covered with goldfish!" says Brown, now beside himself. The camera just keeps on filming it all.

"Hah, hah, hah!" says Craven, laughing craftily. "He who laughs last laughs last."

The bickering of these two professional scene-stealers goes on so long that Jones begins to wonder if he will have a chance to give instruction in anything. Brown's ball is bunkered. He takes an awkward swing at the sand,

and, to everyone's astonishment, the ball flies onto the green and rolls into the cup. It happened—no camera trickery—Brown really sank the bunker shot. This was one of the moments George Marshall had in mind when he said they had a lot of fun making the films. "Boy, what a shot!" cries Tol'able David, speaking not as an actor now but as a shocked golfer. The camera turns quickly to Jones, whose eyes have suddenly narrowed. "That makes the situation entirely different," he says thoughtfully, and to no great purpose.

At length the horseplay ends, Craven misses a short putt, Brown has won their game and, as everyone else starts for the clubhouse, Craven appeals to Jones for a putting lesson. This gives Jones a last-gasp opportunity, before the allotted 10 minutes is up, to make some concise comments about putting—324 words, to be exact—and to demonstrate what he means. They were well-chosen words, and even though the plot line had rather gotten out of hand because of Brown's remarkable shot, there was enough Jones instruction to satisfy the golfer in the movie audience.

When the film was actually shown it ended with a brief musical passage of a Charleston dance tune, played by an unidentified Chicago-type band, and Keeler's deep voice saying, "Watch for the next episode, *The Short Approach Shot to the Green*, in the Bobby Jones series, *How I Play Golf*, coming to your theater soon." If viewers did hurry back for the next episode they saw Charles Waringer, a short, rascible comedian who usually played businessman roles, neglecting his office to practice chip shots. He hits them worse and worse until he is finally rescued by Jones. The story in this case could be disregarded, and Jones's demonstration was largely in slow motion. "We burned up a couple of cameras trying that," Marshall recollects. "We didn't have the gear of today."

The third episode, *The Niblick and Bunker Shots*, opens in a mansion. The butler enters. "Yes, Wilson, what is it?" says a tall, stately lady in an evening dress.

"This is getting very discouraging," says the butler, "your husband two hours late for dinner every evening."

It turns out that the husband, Huntley Gordon, a distinguished actor usually cast as a diplomat, cannot get his ball out of a sand trap. Jones's part in this one consists largely of a slow-motion demonstration in which he plays six shots in a row out of the bunker and right to the pin.

Part four, or *Niblick, Medium Irons and Long Irons*, revolved around the troubles of Leon Errol, who refused to use a mashie niblick. Except for W. C. Fields (and Jones himself), Errol gave the best performance of any of the big theatrical names. Then 50, he was at the high point of his long career. His rubber-legs act, in which his knees invariably gave way at some critical moment—when he was a waiter carrying a tray through a crowd, or in some situation requiring great dignity—had made him world fa-



Bunkered here again, Joe E. Brown upset one episode when a supposedly hapless sand shot went into the cup.



Tough guy Cagney got rough with Louise Fazenda when she tried to keep Jones from giving practice tips.

mous. In the Jones movie Errol's knees gave way just as he started to drive, but he did not belabor the act; it was merely another problem that added to his dismay. His main difficulty was trying to keep his ball from hitting a tree—the same tree. He obstinately refused to use a mashie niblick, but every time he hit with the club of his choice his ball struck the tree and bounced back at him. Jones finally rescued him by demonstrating the right use of the proper club. Jones swung easily and the ball went over the tree.

The next reel, *The Medium Irons*, was a departure from the format used up to this point. It involved a group of child actors, including Junior Coghlan and a 5-year-old named George, who was known as the kid everybody would like to spank. George strays away from the older boys to watch Jones practice. When the other youngsters find him, they all fire questions at Jones about the game. This provides Jones with an opportunity—rare in the reels thus far—to discuss golf without comedians interfering. George, meanwhile, falls asleep, and the reel ends with a curious scene of Jones, looking like a genuine professional actor by this time, picking him up and carrying him to the clubhouse. "An exceptionally good reel," said *Motion Picture Herald*, noting that it was "additionally enjoyable for the kids."

But part six, *The Big Irons*, returned to slapstick. Guy Kibbee was the supporting star, a bald-headed comedian who usually portrayed a henpecked husband, for which there appeared to be a limitless supply of scripts. In his effort with Jones he is an employer who threatens to fire

Hal Goodwin because Goodwin is wasting his time playing golf. Goodwin was a leading man at the time, a lanky, easygoing character, esteemed as one of the better golfers in Hollywood.

But Kibbee himself sneaks away from the office to practice. On the opposite side of a hill Goodwin is explaining to Jones that he is hooking his iron shots. He demonstrates, and the ball flies over the hill and hits his boss in the rear. "I'll report this to the greens committee," says Kibbee, unaware of where the ball has come from. Goodwin tries another shot. This one hits Kibbee just as he is bending over to tee up his ball. "You can't tell me somebody isn't doing that on purpose!" Kibbee exclaims indignantly, and rushes over the hill for a confrontation with his tormentor, only to find that his own employee is responsible.

Jones's demonstration of the right way to use a two-iron and his discussion of the swing are barely enough to keep Goodwin from being fired. And Jones is equally hard-pressed in the next part, *The Spoon, Brassie and Driver*, to prevent Zelma O'Neal from divorcing Warren William, the suave sophisticated troublemaker and home-wrecker, because he is neglecting her for golf.

Sometimes the stories that introduced those instructionals were so interesting that everyone, including Jones, really acted in them. Number eight, *The Brussie*, was a case in point. It opens with a roadster speeding down a tree-lined road past a country club. A limousine pursues it. Motorcycle cops stop the roadster, which contains Loretta Young, who is eloping with Allen Lane, a curly-haired young leading man. Claude Gillingwater, a tall, thin, Louisiana-born actor featured in such Mary Pickford gems as *Daddy Long Legs* and *Tess of the Storm Country*, piles out of the limousine, determined to prevent his daughter from running away with Lane. Just then a golf ball flies through the open car window. Forgetting his domestic problems, Gillingwater rushes the entire party onto the golf course, where he finds Bobby Jones.

"Hello, Loreta," Jones says.

"You came close to putting a golf ball through Mr. Gillingwater's windshield," says Lane, in a transparent attempt to curry favor with his future father-in-law.

"I'm sorry," Jones says. "I hope I didn't hurt anyone."

Gillingwater is so impressed at meeting Jones that he asks if he can watch him practice. "I'd be delighted," Jones says. "Are you sure your car is safe? I might hook another one." Meanwhile, using sign language, Jones agrees with Loretta to keep Gillingwater occupied so the lovers can sneak away safely. As a result he has one of his longest uninterrupted discourses and his clearest demonstration of his own swing.

But such opportunities were rare. In the episode devoted to advice on how to practice, Jones had in the scene with him Evelyn Knapp, a tall, thin blonde, James Cag-

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BOBBY JONES

continued

ney, Donald Cook, another familiar figure in gangster movies, Joan Blondell and Louise Fazenda, a onetime Mack Sennett bathing beauty who had become a popular comedienne. As Jones began his demonstration of good practice technique, Louise arrived at the course, lugging her golf bag and giggling excitedly. There seems to be a misunderstanding and she cannot appreciate that Jones is supposed to be the one doing the practicing. She had somehow gotten the impression that the movie is to be of her practicing with Jones. She interrupts so often that at last Cagney and Cook, in the best movie tough-guy tradition, clamp their hands firmly over her mouth and drag her away. But even that does not discourage her, and at last, when Jones's lesson is over, she comes back and is permitted to try one shot in front of the camera. She takes a terrific swing in which she smacks the ball, leaps clear off the ground in her follow-through, makes a complete revolution in the air and winds up triumphantly with a pratfall to end the reel.

The nonsense and slapstick and fast ad-libbing of the stars sometimes jarred against Jones's serious feeling about golf. Even more, the byplay clashed with his desire to make golf interesting and intelligible to the average moviegoer. But his natural dignity and his mastery of the game made most of the story episodes seem so outlandish and irrelevant that they did not interfere with his essential message. The message was summed up in his words to the disconsolate Frank Craven: "The whole idea, it seems to me, is to do the thing in the simplest and most natural way."

Jones managed to work this concept into every reel. "Stand up, be comfortable," he said to Charles Winninger, who was crouching over the ball as though he intended to play marbles. "Get yourself in a comfortable position where you can swing easily," he said to Leon Errol. In his reel with the child stars, he told them, "I don't know a better way to start learning the game than to get a mashie like this, or a midiron, and start knocking the ball around un-

til you get the feel of the clubs."

Jones was always candid, which proved interesting under the unheated conditions. When Cagney asked him what difficulties he had with his own golf game, Jones said, "Well, with the medium irons and short irons, the trouble I have most often is failing to cock my wrists at the top of the backswing. I'm inclined sometimes to hang onto the club a little bit too tight, so I don't get that nice rhythm." And he demonstrated his own failings with the same detail he gave to everything else.

Naturalness and ease were the theme of his instruction, and he illustrated it in his manner as well as in his game. One episode revolved around a gag also unheated, Joe E. Brown bet that he could beat Jones if he played Jones's ball and Jones played Brown's after the tee shots, because Brown was always in trouble off the tee and Jones, who never was, had little experience in getting out of trouble. In the succeeding scenes Jones had to hit out of deep gullies, off cliffs and from ponds and streams, but he still managed to get across his argument on the need for ease in golf. "The success of this shot," Jones calmly explained once, as he straddled a deep ditch on a sloping hillside to hit Brown's ball, "depends upon the player's ability to swing accurately from a strained position. I find this is a severe test of concentration and of one's ability to relax under stress."

Those words could have served as a commentary on Jones's entire experience in Hollywood. In effect there was a contest going on: Jones trying to explain and to demonstrate how much golf meant to him and its worthiness as an art and a sport; the stars being themselves. "Bobby Jones was one of the most impressive individuals I've ever known," says Joan Blondell. Unable to play golf, she regarded the Jones movie as a picnic, a release from the rigors of shooting schedules indoors. "I remember going out one day to shoot with Jones," she says. "It was a bright, sunny, warm day and the grass looked so inviting I lay down to rest. I fell asleep,

and when I woke up, here was Jones hitting golf balls over me that landed just inches away. It was impressive."

Richard Arlen, then a celebrated heartthrob star who was renowned for his portrayal of a fighter pilot in *Wings*, was one of the few stars who played serious golf. "Paramount allowed me to go over and do this short because of the esteem they had for Bobby Jones," Arlen says. "It was a loan that wasn't often done in those days. It was probably the greatest two weeks I ever spent. One of the marvels of Jones's game was the way he putted very quickly. He always contended that your initial judgment was the best. He never looked over a green or paced around a ball."

The series was a star-studded social success, but there is some doubt that it was the financial bonanza Warners had anticipated. The initial episodes were shown to exhibitors at a convention in Atlantic City in April 1931. "The first Bobby Jones reel is a darp!" said *Motion Picture Daily*. "Corking!" said *Film Daily*. "Far and away the best thing in sports instruction on the screen." In all, the first series of 12 reels was shown in 6,000 movie houses, with the audience estimated at 20 to 30 million. A *New York Times* reviewer said Jones was a good actor: "Looking back on those Bobby Jones films and comparing them with other short sports pictures, one can readily rate them as among the best and most human. It is no wonder that they have been popular."

Warner Bros. signed Jones to a five-year option and filmed another set of six reels called *How to Break 90*. The comeliness of some of the action in the first series embarrassed Jones, and in the next he was determined to talk about aspects of the swing, backswing, wrist action, the grip, left-arm control, impact and other fine points. "There was less horseplay in these," Jones remembers, "and they were more frankly instructional."

But Hollywood could never let well enough alone. By the time the second series was made in 1933 the emphasis was on striking pictorial effects. Sometimes

Jones was dressed in gleaming white clothing to demonstrate his shots against a solid-black background. More often he was filmed in a strange half-black and half-white costume, so that his left arm and left side could be made to stand out against the black background, while his right side—the black side of his costume—so blended with the black background that it seemed to have disappeared.

It created a far-out, or off-Hollywood, effect, all right. In the old Creighton Hale serial, *The Invisible Man*, a mad scientist discovered a compound "a thousand times blacker than the blackest black" the effect of which was that anyone wearing it could not be seen at all. At times Jones's demonstrations of his golf swing looked as if someone had found Creighton Hale's invisible cloak in the prop room and used it for part of Jones's costume. The art-movie photography of *Hon to Break 90* inspired humorist Robert Benchley, a good friend of Jones's, to write a movie parody of it entitled *Hon to Break 90 in Croquet*. Still, the 18 reels represented a fantastic achievement. They recorded the talent of a marvelous athletic performer at the peak of his career with a detail that could hardly have been captured in any other way.

The bottom dropped out of the movie-short business during the Depression, and *Film Daily* reported that shorts were in trouble, though the Bobby Jones series was going strong. Essentially the difficulty with *Hon I Play Golf* stemmed from Hollywood's mistaken notion of the habits of moviegoers. The episodes were intended to follow one another, but few fans went to the movies every week, or each time a new feature was shown. People might see reel one of Jones, and then reel six, missing the instructional sequence idea that was part of Jones's original intention. On the other hand, the entire set of 12 reels in one series and six in the other made too bulky a package for people interested only in golf, plus the fact that the comedy interludes were merely a distraction for them.

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BOBBY JONES

continued

So the true achievement of the series was historical. The Hollywood folkways that were caught in the Bobby Jones films illuminated a side of the movie colony found nowhere else. The stars in their off-stage, relaxed moments appeared more often to be enjoying themselves in a production of some super home movie than to be living up to their roles as celebrities. And mixed up and contradictory as the instructional films were, they nevertheless documented with thoroughness how Jones thought golf should be played.

But, ironically, the films have not been preserved. Through the years of the Depression no one associated with the Warner Bros. distribution system bothered to take care of all those cans filled with old golf movies. The reels that were deposited in the Library of Congress for copyright purposes have vanished. Warner Bros. itself has no copies. George Marshall, who kept in touch with Jones and remained a good friend, has only a few stills from some of the reels. It seems that everyone concerned with the project assumed that someone else was keeping the material. The photographic museum, Eastman House, does not have a set, nor can one be found in any of the many movie libraries in Hollywood. No one even kept a record of the stars who appeared in the films.

In all probability all traces of the films would have disappeared had it not been that an Atlanta banker, Malls Lane, managed to buy a complete set years ago. He gave them to Jones, who in turn gave them to the Peachtree Golf Club in Atlanta. They are now in a safe deposit vault of the Trust Company of Georgia. Occasionally a reel or two is taken out — a matter about as easy to arrange as borrowing the Hope diamond from the Smithsonian Institution — and shown at some golf gathering. Without actually seeing them, it would be difficult to credit that they ever really existed. And even when seen, they have an unreal quality about them. As W. C. Fields remarked after watching Jones drive in reel No. 1 of *How to Break 90*, "I still don't believe it." **1111**

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4

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

NATIONAL LEAGUE

"I've been a regular starter for six years and I'd like to remain one," said Lefty Chris Short after he was demoted to the PHILADELPHIA (4-3) bullpen. Short quickly got his chance to prove he had been wronged. Given a starting assignment because the Phillies were scheduled for consecutive doubleheaders, he pitched a two-hit win and received a big assist from slugging slugger Richie Allen, who had been demoted, too—to the bench for three games. Back as a starter, Allen supported Short's pitching with two homers, good for all three Phillies' runs. LOS ANGELES (4-2) climbed out of the cellar as Bill Singer, Claude Osteen and Don Sutton threw shutouts and Tom Haller knocked in the deciding run in two straight games. Locked in a tight battle with SAN FRANCISCO (2-4) for second place, CINCINNATI (5-2) tried a new approach on the Giants' Gaylord Perry, who had beaten the Reds three times this year. Instead of harassing Perry with complaints about his alleged spinnball, the Reds decided to be quiet with everything but their bats. It worked perfectly as Alex Johnson, Lee May, Tony Perez, Hal McKee and Leo Cardenas alternated consecutive extra-base hits and Cincinnati scored five times in one inning to defeat the Giant nemesis 6-3. NEW YORK (2-3) dropped to 10th for the first time since June before rookies Jan McAndrew and Jerry Kosman rescued the Mets at least temporarily with two shutout wins. "I've got to put on a rush to do it, but I think I can," said Henry Aaron of his hopes of batting .300 this year. Aaron's chances look good now even though he started slowly this season. A .355 hitter since July 6, the ATLANTA (3-3) star averaged .429 last week and raised his percentage for the year to

.290. Playing its third straight .500 week, ST. LOUIS (3-3) still managed to clinch the pennant. The best performance was Nelson Briles' shutout over MONSTERS (2-5) for his 18th win. The Astros, matched up with the Mets and Dodgers in a struggle to avoid finishing last, received a boost from Fastballer Don Wilson, who struck out 16 while pitching a five-hitter. In PITTSBURGH (3-3), where the attendance is lower than in any year since 1955, only 273 people, including the ground crew and police, were still around at the end of a doubleheader to see Steve Blass pick up his sixth straight victory and his 15th of the year. CHICAGO (3-3) had hitting by Ernie Banks (below) and Billy Williams but little else to support good pitching. Ferguson Jenkins lost one game when the Cubs failed to score. Was Jenkins surprised? No. He has lost eight such games this year.

Standings	St. 52-54	SF 50-71	Chi 74-70
	Chi 74-74	AD 76-74	Pit 73-76
	LA 61-82	NY 67-84	Mil 67-84

AMERICAN LEAGUE

While DETROIT (6-0) took the suspense out of the pennant race by moving within two victories of the flag (page 22), Yankee fans were still right on the edge of their seats as their team ran off a 10-game win streak. That is the most NEW YORK (7-0) has won in a row since 1964 and its record since early August is 32-12. Last week as the Yankees, who began their month-long surge in seventh place, moved up to third, Horace Clark led the hitters with a .355 average and five starters put together back-to-back complete-game victories. CLEVELAND (5-1) was one team overtaken by the Yankees despite a strong performance by its hit-

ters, who averaged 32 points over their season's pace, and Luis Tiant's 20th win of the year. BALTIMORE (3-4) made the motions but obviously conceded the pennant as a tested newcomer up from the farm system. One choice find was Merv Rettenmund, a brawny, 195-pound outfielder who led the International League with a .331 average this season and in his first week batted .357. OAKLAND's (2-4) Danny Cater and BOSTON's (2-4) Carl Yastrzemski, who both began the week with .289 percentages, met in California. Yaz quickly made a runaway of the head-to-head battle for the batting title by stroking nine hits in three games, raising his average to .300 for the first time since the All-Star break. WASHINGTON's (2-6) Frank Howard all but wrapped up the home run championship by clouting three to bring his season's total to 42, which also tied the Senators' club record. CALIFORNIA (2-4) failed both at the plate and on the mound. The batters scored just 14 runs and needed two unearned scores to take one of their wins while the opposition were out 24. Angel pitchers for 28 runs. With the No. 1 power hitter, Pete Ward, averaging only .118, it was not surprising that CHICAGO (1-5) set a new record for losing one-run decisions. The White Sox have lost 42 games by one run while winning only 27 squeakers. Aside from Dave Rowless's three-hit win over the Red Sox, MINNESOTA (2-4) had just one thing to cheer about, a rare outside-the-horn triple play pulled off against the Indians' slow-running Tony Horton. The fielding spectacular was small consolation though, because Horton had already clouted a homer and a triple in the same game.

Standings	Det 56-54	Bal 56-85	NY 85-70
	Chi 71-72	Bos 29-71	Cal 78-75
	W 79-79	Cal 65-80	Chi 67-81


HIGHLIGHT

At the start of each of his three seasons as Cub manager, Leo Durocher has tried to replace Ernie Banks at first base. "I've retired him three years in a row," says Leo, "but I guess he just gets tired of seeing those young kids I keep putting in his place." That must be the only way Banks gets tired because at 37 he is hitting with the same kind of youthful power that twice made him the National League's Most Valuable Player. Last week the slender, 33-year veteran slammed his 11st and 32nd homers of the season. In doing so, he set an unusual pattern for modern stars. While it is true that Tom Seaver hit 389 when he was 37 and Babe Ruth closed 41 home runs and collected 137 RBIs at the same age, neither Whitey Mayo, at 37, nor Mickey Mantle, at 36, was a shadow of his old self, even as Banks set

about hitting more homers than he had in six years. The quiet Tiant, who now has his 474 home runs, points out that his top physical condition—he weighs less now than he did 20 years ago—and a smoother swing that he perfected this year have helped sustain his power. The Cubs are glad he has kept it. Because of the timing of Banks and teammate Billy Williams, who has belted 22 home runs since the All-Star break and last week took over the league lead in RBIs (97), Chicago has been able to rebound from a poor start. On July 12 the Cubs were in ninth place, but since then they have moved up to fourth and beat the first-place Cardinals' record over that stretch. Already Banks is looking forward to next season. Not only does he expect to be on a permanent contender. Once Durocher finishes trying out his young pretenders, Banks expects to be back at first, chasing after his 300th homer.



BANKS: NEW LIFE AT 37



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to change the world.
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are easier to carry around.

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are simply more casual.

We don't really know. But these
gentlemen just may be on to something.

Maybe you ought to see what
it's all about. **The Cigar Institute**

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE . . .

Sirs

No! No! No! No! No! Pick Notre Dame, pick USC, pick UCLA, pick the Cincinnati Bengals, for Pete's sake! What have we Boilers ever done to deserve this assured plethora of ill fortune—the curse of impending doom manifest in the super shamy associated with an SI No. 1 selection in anything (College Football, Sept. 9)?

J. F. LAVERHINE

Cincinnati

Sirs

You guys make me laugh. Purdue No. 1? That's the funniest thing I've heard since you rated Notre Dame a No. 1 contender last year. Leroy Keyes and the whole Purdue team put together don't match up to O. J. Simpson and John McKay. O. J.'s got more orange juice than ever!

HERBERT J. YILORIANICH

Fresno, Calif.

Sirs

Although I am not wholeheartedly satisfied with your No. 6 rating of Alabama, I do commend you for being one of the few magazines to rate them in the Top Ten. I'm glad you know that a Top Ten without "Bama" just isn't right. Roll, Tide!

TOOTMY KELLY

Jasper, Ala.

Sirs

I noticed a tiny error in your fine magazine. You placed a number "5" before Penn State. The correction? No. 1.

Mistakes will happen. I only hope Penn State Coach Joe Paterno didn't notice it. I'm looking forward to the weekly analyses by Mervin Hynman, the greatest.

HAROLD K. WILLIAMS

Carlisle, Pa.

Sirs

Not to have selected Arizona State, the most highly regarded team in the Western Athletic Conference, among your Top 20 collegiate teams is not to have learned the lessons of recent gridiron history, e.g. year-end rankings, bowl records and interconference performances. It seems to me that the time has come when at least one WAC eleven should be chosen on the basis of what is happening in the here and now in college football.

WAYNE HALLOCK

Commissioner

Western Athletic Conference

Denver

P.S. I felt this way before becoming commissioner, too.

Sirs

Your College Football Issue was very interesting. But what happened in the Small College section? You left out one of the best small college powers in the Midwest and in the nation: Parsons College. This year, as in previous years, Fairfield will be the Football Capital of Iowa.

PETER S. THOMAS

Fairfield, Iowa

Sirs

Scratch the unbeaten season you said Fairmont State might have. On September 7, Whitewater beat Fairmont 16-14 on a 40-yard field goal by Neil Hanson. If I were you I would send someone up here to cover our 1988 NAIA Champs.

SCOTT SKINNER

Whitewater, Wis.

Sirs

Your College Football Issue was excellent. It covered the best teams and players in the country.

WILLIAM MARTIN

Cornellville, Pa.

ONCE AND FOREVER

Sirs

For shame! Dan Jenkins writes an article on traditional football rivalries in your September 9 issue and the only mention of Stanford-California is a slight to the effect that USC no longer considers either of them suitable competition!

It is true that in recent years USC and UCLA have had the stronger nationally ranked teams, but the article was focusing on traditional rivalries of long standing. Mention of Harvard-Yale was typical, and certainly legitimate, copy, but the USC-UCLA contest is an upstart compared to the rivalry of Stanford-California which began in 1892—just 17 years after Harvard-Yale—and has been going strong ever since. In earlier days Stanford or California, or both, would have eaten USC or UCLA for breakfast.

J. DONALD MCCREARY

Redlands, Calif.

Sirs

USC is not a "stuffy private school." It is many things—dynamic, vibrant, progressive, great, historic, traditional, a major private university—but not stuffy! Although Dan Jenkins wrote an otherwise interesting satire on college football, I certainly want to call attention to this very poor word selection in his reference to the 1967-68 national and Rose Bowl champion.

W. G. SINGLES

La Crescenta, Calif.

Sirs

Your accounts of the various intense traditional rivalries that have become an integral part of college football and its popularity were quite enjoyable, but to overlook the Syracuse-Penn State feud was certainly an oversight. The games between these perennial Eastern powers have produced some of the most exciting and hard-fought battles anywhere in sports.

Also, in your explanation concerning UCLA and its No. 14 national ranking, you state that, except for Penn State, the Bruins' first six games would be no problem. Indeed! Consider UCLA's third opponent, Syracuse, at Archbold Stadium. Think back a short year ago—a week after USC defeated the Bruins by one point to win the national championship—when Syracuse all but demolished The Great One and Co., 32-14, at Los Angeles! Think, too, about the facts that the Orangemen have virtually the same unit that ranked second in rushing defense in the nation last year and that UCLA must contend with it again. No problem, huh?

TIM LAFORZA

Syracuse, N.Y.

NOT SO LITTLE

Sirs

I was extremely disappointed that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED did not present an article on the Little League World Series. Certainly this event is more important than the habits of tourists camping in national parks (*Assaduck Here!*, Sept. 23). In the minute article appearing in FOR THE RECORD, you even left the Virginia off of Richmond.

We of Richmond, Virginia are extremely proud of the Tuckahoe Nationals, especially Roger Miller. Miller pitched nine no-hitters, five in tournament play, and set a World Series record by hitting three consecutive home runs in a game against Canada.

You should have had an article, not so much to honor the team representing the U.S., which finished second, but to honor the Japanese team that won the series.

ANNE WITT

Richmond

● SI's stylebook lists certain cities that are assumed to need no identification other than their names: Paris is on it, and New York, and San Francisco and London. So is Richmond.—ED.

Sirs

Boy, am I disappointed! You mentioned a score in FOR THE RECORD: Wakayama 1, Richmond 0. You did not mention that the Tuckahoe Nationals are the Western Hemisphere champs, the American champs,

continued



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10TH HOLE

Virginia State champs, etc. You did not mention that Tim Read, the catcher, received the Sportsmanship Award for the game. Nor did you mention that the pitcher, Roger Miller, had pitched nine no-hitters before losing the championship game. What's the matter? Don't you like Little League baseball?

Yes, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, you definitely flunked this time!

JOHN L. WALTER

Richmond

POINT OF HONOR

Sirs:

Let me call attention to the sorry status of American contract bridge. The Blue Team, the cream of the crop of 6,000 organized bridge players in Italy, has defeated the cream of the crop of 180,000 organized American bridge players 11 times in the last 12 years of annual international championships. This is comparable to a pennant winner from one of our major leagues going into the World Series with a Triple A team and consistently coming out second best. The conclusion, there is something wrong with American contract bridge.


I think that the lack of success can be blamed on the point count, the prevailing method for card evaluation in the American bridge system today. Within the memory of many is the fact that the point-count method was discredited in 1931. For three or four weeks running there were headlines in the nation's press telling of the daily progress of a 150-round match between Ely Culbertson and Sidney Lenz. Culbertson, using the honor-trick count, won going away.

In my opinion, the point count has reduced the game to a hit-and-miss guessing game, 75% offense to 25% defense. Only the return to the honor-trick count, as the most true and reliable evaluation for one's 13 cards and their relationship to the other 39, will improve the situation.

ALFRED E. DAVIS

Staten Island, N.Y.

• Here is Charles Goren's reply. "All honor to reader Davis and his loyalty to honor tricks, which did indeed do much to educate early players of the then new game of contract bridge. But his history is a bit off. First, point count was the least important element of the Lenz method. Second, beginning in 1933, the Four Aces team, first to successfully advocate a point-count method, massacred Culbertson—and everyone else. Third, the Italians use point count as the basis of their artificial one-club systems. The Four Aces won, not because of the point count, but because they put together a combination of the greatest players of that day. Italy has done likewise."—ED.



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